

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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BETSY LEE,

A FO'C'S'LE YARN

PART II.

Now the grandest ould pazon, I'll be bail,  
That ever was, was ould Pazon Gale.  
Aw, of all the kind and the good and the true!  
And the aisy and free, and—"How do you do?"  
And how's your mother, Tom, and—the fishin?"  
Spakin that nice, and allis wishin  
Good luck to the boats, and—"How's the take?"  
And blessin us there for Jesus' sake.  
And many a time he'd come out and try  
A line, and the keen he was, and the spry!  
And he'd sit in the stern, and he'd tuck his tails,  
And well he knew how to handle the sails.  
And sometimes, if we were smookin, he'd ax  
For a pipe, and then we'd be turnin our backs,  
Lettin on never to see him, and lookin  
This way and that way, and him a smookin  
Twis' as strong and as black as tar,  
And terrible sollum and regular.  
Bless me! the sperrit that was in him too,  
Houldin on till all was blue!  
And only a little man, but staunch,  
With a main big heart aback of his paunch!  
Just a little round man—but you should ha' seen him agate  
Of a good-sized conger or a skate:  
His arms as stiff, and his eye afire,  
And every muscle of him like wire.

But avast this talk! What! what did you say?  
*Tell us more about the Pazon—eh?*  
Well, well! he was a pazon—yis!  
But there's odds of pazon, that's the way it is.  
For there's pazon now that's mortal proud,  
And some middlin humble, that's allowed.

And there's pazonz partikler about their clothes,  
 And rings on their fingers, and bells on their toes :  
 And there's pazonz that doesn't know your names,  
 "Shut the gate, my man!" and all them games.  
 And there's pazonz *too* free—I've heard one cuss  
 As hard and as hearty as one of us.  
 But Pazon Gale—now I'll give you his size,  
 He was a simple pazon, and lovin' and wise.  
 That's what he was, and quiet uncommon,  
 And never said much to man nor woman ;  
 Only the little he said was meat  
 For a hungry heart, and soft and sweet,  
 The way he said it : and often talkin'  
 To hisself, and lookin' down, and walkin'.  
 Now there's some of them pazonz they're allis shoutin',  
 And tearin' at you, and ravin' and routin',  
 And they gets you pinned with a lot of others  
 In a coop, and they calls you sisthers and brothers ;  
 And you can't get out, so the beggars raises  
 Their vice, and gives it you like blazes.  
 What's the good of all that surt !  
 Sweatin' and actin' and bustin' their shirt ;  
 Shiverin' the verry roof to splanthers—  
 I never liked them roarin' ranthers.  
 Yes! our pazon was quite, but, mind ye! don't doubt  
 But the same man knew well what was he about.  
 Aye, many a time I've seen his face  
 All slushed with tears, and him tellin' of *grace*  
 And *mercy* and that, and his vice so low,  
 But trimblin'—aw, we liked him though!

And he wasn't livin' above the bay  
 Where I was livin', but a bit away,  
 Over the next, and betwix the two  
 The land ran out to a point, and a screw  
 Of the tide set in on the rocks, and there  
 He'd stand in the mornin', and listen to hear  
 The dip of our oars comin' out, and the jealous  
 We were of the Derbyhaven fellows!  
 And the way we'd pull to try which would be fuss!  
 And "Pazon!" we'd say, "are you comin' with us?"  
 And the Derbyhaven chaps would call—  
 And the way he'd smile and say nothing at all!  
 Well, that's the Pazon, you'll understand,  
 Aye, the very man, the very man.  
 Aw, if I once get agate of him—  
 But some night again, if I'll be in the trim,  
 I'll maybe be tellin' you more, if so be  
 You'll be carin' to listen, and all agree.

Well, the Pazon was walkin' on the grave!—  
 My conscience! the slow that man did travel!  
 Backwards and forrards, and stoppin' and thinkin',  
 And a talkin' away to hisself like winkin';

And a pickin a flower, or a kickin a stone,  
 There he was anyway all alone.  
 And I felt like a reg'lar blund'rin blockit,  
 And I stowed the quid in my waistcoat pocket,  
 And I said, "Here goes! I don't care a fardin,"  
 And I opened the gate, and into the garden.  
 And—"Pazon!" I says, "I've come to you."  
 "Is it true, Tom Baynes?" he says, "is it true?"  
 And he looked—"No, it isn't?" I said, quite pale;  
 "So you needn look that way, Pazon Gale!  
 It isn't true!" So the ould man smiled,  
 And says he, "Well, don't be angry, child!"  
 Child he called me—d'ye see? d'ye see?  
 Child!—and he takes my hand, and says he,  
 "I suppose you've got a yarn to spin:  
 Come in, Tom Baynes, come in, come in!"  
 So in we went, and him smilin like fun,  
 Into the parlour; but the Misthress run  
 Quite shamed lek, a whiskin through the door,  
 And droppin her things upon the floor.  
 And the sarvant keeked over the landin-top—  
 A dirty trouss, with her head like a mop—  
 And she gurned like a cat, but I didn care,  
 Though they're middlin spiteful them craythurs are.

So I tould the Pazon all that I had,  
 And he says, "God bless ye! God bless ye! my lad!"  
 Aw, it's himself that knew my very soul,  
 And me so young, and him so ould.  
 And all the good talk! and never fear—  
 And leave it to him, and he'd bring me clear—  
 And Anthony wanted talkin to—  
 And on with the hat—and away he'd go—  
 And *young Misther Taylor* (a son of ould Dan!)  
 Was a very *intelligent* young man.  
 "Aisy! Pazon," says I, and he went;  
 And all the road home—"in-tel-li-gent"—  
 I said, "what's that?" some pretty name  
 For a — deng it! these pazons just like crame,  
 They're talkin that smooth—aw, it's well to be civil—  
 "A son of ould Dan's!" and Dan was a devil.

That was a Monday; a Thursday night  
 The Pazon come, and bless me the fright  
 The ould woman was in, and wipin the chair,  
 And nudgin and winkin—"Is Thomas there?"  
 He says—"Can I see him?" So up I got,  
 And out at the door, and I put a knot  
 On my heart, like one of you, when he takes  
 A turn and belays, and houlds on till it breaks.  
 And—"Well?" I says—then he looked at me,  
 And "Have you your pipe, Thomas?" says he  
 "Maybe you'd better light it," he said,  
 "It's terrible good to study the head."

And he wouldn't take rest till I had it lit;  
 And he twisses and twisses, and—"Wait a bit!"  
 He says, and he feels, and "We're all alone,"  
 Says he, and behold ye! a pipe of his own.  
 And "I'll smook too," he says; and he charges,  
 And puffs away like Boanarges.  
 I never knew the like was at him afore:  
 And so we walked along the shore.  
 And if he didn behove to spin a yarn  
 About the stars—and Aldebarn,  
 And Orion—and just to consedher  
 The grand way God had put them together,  
 And wasn it a good world after all,  
 And—what was man—and the Bible—and Paul—  
 Till I got quite mad, and I says—"That'll do!"  
 Were you at the Brew, Pazon? were you at the Brew?"  
 Aw, then it all come out, and the jaw  
 Ould Anthony had, and the coorts, and the law;  
 And—*Jane Magee and her mother both*—  
 He had gone there twice, but she stuck to her oath—  
 And—*what could he do?* "I'm going," says I—  
 "Keep up your heart now!" "I'll try, I'll try."  
 "Good night, and mind you'll go straight to bed!  
 God bless ye, Tom!" "And you, Sir!" I said.  
 "Come up in the mornin! Good night! good night!  
 Now mind you'll come!" "All right! All right!"

And it's into the house, and "Mawther," I says,  
 "I'm off." "What's off?" says she, "if you plaze!  
 Off! what off!" says she, "you slink!"  
 And she was sharplin a knife upon the sink,  
 And she flung it down, and she looked that way—  
 Straight and stiff; and "What did you say?  
 Off! off where?" and the sting of a light  
 Snapped quick in her eye—"All right! all right!"  
 I says, and away to the chiss I goes—  
 "Stand by!" I cried, "I want my clothes;"  
 And I hauled them out—aw she gev a leap,  
 And "Lave them alone!" she says, "you creep!"  
 And she skutched them up, and she whisked about  
 As lithe as an eel, and still lookin out  
 Over her shouldher, and eyein me,  
 Like a flint, or some dead thing—"Let be,  
 Mawther," I says, "let go! you'd bather!"  
 Aw, then if she didn begin no matther!  
 And she threw the things upon the floor,  
 And she stamped them, and down on her knees, and she toor  
 And ripped, and ragged, and scrunched away,  
 Aw, hands and teeth,—I'll be bound to say  
 Them shirts was eighteen pence the yard!  
 Rael good shirts! aw, the woman was hard.  
 Hard she was, and lusty, and strong—  
 I've heard them say when she was young,



She could lift a hundred-weight and more,  
And there wasn a man in the parish could throw her.  
And as for shearin and pickin potatoes—  
Aw, well she bet all, and always as nate as  
A pin, and takin a pride in it—  
For there's some ould women, they're hardly fit,  
They're that dirty and stupid, and messin and muddin,  
I wudn live with the like—No! I wudn!  
But yandhar woman—asleep or awake—  
Was a clane ould craythur and no mistake.  
But hard—aw hard! for the ould man died,  
And she looked, and she looked, but she never cried—  
And him laid out as sweet as bran,  
And everything white,—like a gentleman.  
And brass nails—bless ye! and none of your 'sterrits,  
But proud in herself, and sarvin the sperrits.  
And “Misthress Baynes, now! was he prepared?”  
“God knows!” says she—aw the woman was hard.  
But if you could have prised the hatches  
Of that strong sowl, you would have seen the catches  
She made at her heart, choked up to the brim,  
And you'd ha' knew she was as dead as him.  
But mind me! from that very day  
The woman's-juice, as you may say,  
Was clean dried out of her, and she got  
As tough and as dry, and as hard as a knot.  
Hard—but handy, and goin still,  
Not troublin much for good or ill;  
Like the moon and the stars God only touched  
Once long ago, and away they scutched;  
And now He never minds them a bit,  
But they keep goin on, for they're used of it.

Goin on! Well, she did go on that night,  
And up from the floor, and her back to the light  
Of the fire (it was burnin middlin low),  
And the candle capsized, and she looked to grow  
That big in the dark, and never a breath,  
But standin there like the shadda of death—  
Never a breath—for maybe a minute,  
Just like a cloud with the thunder in it—  
Dark and still, till its powder-bags  
Burst—and the world is blown to rags.  
Aw, she gave it them with a taste—she did,  
“And was it that flippity-flappity flid  
Of a Betsy Lee? and she knew well enough  
What I'd come to at last with my milkin and stuff,  
And sniffin about where I hadn no call,  
And the lines hangin rottin upon the wall,  
And the boat never moored, and grindin her bones  
To sawdust upon the cobblin stones—  
And the people talkin—And who were the Lees?  
Who were they now after all, if you please?

Who were they to cock their nose?  
 And Lee's ould wife with her strings and her bows,  
 And her streamers and trimmins, and pippin and poppin  
 Her d——d ould head like a hen with a toppin!"  
*Did she cuss?* aye, she cussed, and it's a rael bad hearin,  
 Mind ye! a woman cussin or swearin—  
 Partikler your mawther—still for all it's true,  
 There's differin sorts of cussin too.  
 For there's cussin that comes down like fire from heaven  
 Fierce and strong—like the blast that's driven  
 From the mouth of a seven-times heated furnace;  
 That's you see, when a man's in earnest'.  
 And there's cussin that's no use whataver,  
 Slibberin slobberin slushin slaver—  
 A fool's lips runnin with brimstone froth,  
 The muckin skum of the Divil's own broth.

"And had they forgot when they lived next door?  
 A lazy lot, and as poor as poor—  
 And—*Misses Baynes! the beautiful tay*  
*You've got! and—I raelly think I'll stay—*  
 And—*could you lend me a shillin till to-morrow?*  
 And borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow.  
 Aye, and starvin, and him doin nothin for hours  
 But pokin about with his harbs and his flowers—  
 The lig-y-ma-treih! the dirty ould bough!  
 And now it was *Misther Lee!* my gough!  
 Misther and Misthress Lee in the gig—  
*Make way, good people!*—aw, terrible big!  
 And would I demean myself to them?  
 You silly-billy! for shame! for shame!"  
 And at it again—"And what she would rather—  
 And me the very spit of my father!  
 And what *was* a bychild, if you come to that?  
 It wasn a dog, and it wasn a cat;  
 But a man's own flesh, and the love and the life  
 Was in it—let be she wasn your wife—  
 And after all why shouldn she be?  
 She was a strappin wench was Jinny Magee,  
 And good at the work, and worth a hundred  
 Of your Betsy things—and why should we be sundered?  
 And Jinny and her would agree, never fear her!"  
 Aw, she was despard though to hear her.

"Hush! mawther!" I says, "aw, mawther, hush!"  
 And she turned to the fire, and I saw her brush  
 The tears from her eyes, and I saw the workin  
 Of her back, and her body jerkin, jerkin:  
 And I went, and I never said nothin lek,  
 But I put my arm around her neck,  
 And I looked in her face, and the shape and the strent',  
 And the very face itself had went

All into one, like a sudden thaw,  
Slished and slushed, or the way you've saw  
The water bubblin and swirlin around  
The place where a strong man have gone down.

And I took her and put her upon the bed  
Like a little child, and her poor ould head  
On my breast, and I hushed her, and stroked her cheek,  
Talkin little talk—the way they speak  
To babies—I did! and d—— the shame!  
Wasn it out of her I came?  
And I began to think of Absalun,  
And David cryin "My son, my son!"  
And the moon come round, and the light shone in,  
And crep' on her face, and I saw the thin  
She was, and the wore, and her neck all dried  
And shrivelled up like strips of hide:  
And I thought of the time it was as warm  
And as soft as Betsy's, and her husband's arm  
Around it strong and lovin, and me  
A cuddled up, and a suckin free.  
And I cried like Peter in the Testament,  
When Jesus looked at him, and out he went,  
And cried like a fool, and the cock a crowin,  
But what there was in his heart there's no knowin.  
And I swore by the livin God above  
I'd pay her back, and love for love,  
And keep for keep, and the wages checked,  
And her with a note, and all correct.  
Then I kissed her and she never stirred;  
And I took my clothes, and, without a word,  
I snicked the door, and by break o' the day  
I was standing alone on Douglas quay.

I shipped foreign of coorse, and a fine ship too,  
China bound, the Waterloo—  
Captain Davis—the time I joined her—  
"Carry-on Davis?" aye, I thought you'd mind her.  
A tight little ship, and a tight little skipper—  
Hadn we a race with the Liverpool clipper,  
The Marco Polo, that very trip?  
And it's my opinion that if that ship—  
But never mind! she done her duty,  
And the Marco Polo *was* a beauty—  
But still—close-hauled, d'ye see? Well! well!  
There's odds of ships, and who can tell?  
That was my ship anyway,  
And I was aboard her two years to a day,  
And back though for all, and her a dischargin,  
And the hands paid off, so you'll aisy imargine  
The keen I was for home, and the tracks  
I made right away, and no one to ax,  
Nor nothing—"And surely hadn I heard  
From nobody?" Bless ye! divil a word!

It was dark when I come upon the street,  
 And my heart hung heavy on my feet,  
 And—all turned in, but in the ould spot  
 A light was burnin still, and the hot  
 I felt, and the chokin, and over the midden,  
 And up to the pane—and her face half hidden,  
 And her sure enough, and the ould arm-cheer,  
 And as straight as a reed, and terrible spear!  
 And the needles twinklin cheerily,  
 And a brave big book spread out on her knee,  
 The Bible—thinks I—and I was raelly plased,  
 For it's a great thing to get ould people aised  
 In their minds with the lek o' yandhar, and tracks,  
 And hymns—it studdies them though, and slacks  
 Their sowls, and softens their tempers, and stops  
 Their coughin as good as any drops.  
 And if they don't understand what they're readin—  
 The poor ould things—it's a sort of feedin—  
 Chewin or suction—what's the odds?  
 One way's man's, and the other God's!

“But how about Betsy?” well, wait a bit!  
 How about her? aye that was it—  
 And what a man knows, you see he knows,  
 So I lifts the latch, and in I goes.  
 “Mawther!” I says—my God! the spring  
 She gev, and says she—“It's a scandalous thing,”  
 She says, “comin back in their very closes!  
 And it's bad enough, but I'll have no ghoses!  
 Be aff!” says she, “be aff! be aff!”  
 Well, I raelly couldn help but laugh.  
 “I'm Thomas Baynes, your son!” I said;  
 “I'm not a ghost.” “And aren't you dead?”  
 “No!” I says, and I tuk and gev her a kiss:  
 “Is that like a ghost?” “Well, I can't say it is.”  
 “And—Betsy, mawther?” Aw, Christ, the look!  
 “Betsy, mawther?”—the woman shook;  
 And she spread her arms, and I staggered to her,  
 And I fell upon my knees on the floor;  
 And she wrapped my head in her brat—d'ye hear?  
 For to see a man cryin is middlin queer:  
 And then, my mates, then—then I knew  
 What a man that's backed by the Divil can do.  
 For hadn this Taylor come one day,  
 And tould them I was drowned at sea?  
 And ould Anthony Lee, that might have knew bette  
 Never axed to see the letter  
 Nor nothin, but talked about “Providence;”  
 And the men at the shore they hadn the seuse  
 And the Pazon as simple as a child,  
 And that's the way the villian beguiled  
 The lot of them, for they didn know  
 What to do or where to go,

As if there was no owners nor agent,  
Nor Lloyd's, where they might have heard immanent.

And Betsy, be sure, heard all before long,  
They took care of that, and then ding-dong,  
Night and day the ould people was at her—  
And would she marry Taylor? and chitter-chatter!  
And never a word from Betsy Lee  
But "It cannot be! it cannot be!"  
And thinner and thinner every day,  
And paler and paler, I've heard them say;  
And always doin the work and goin,  
And early and late, and them never knowin,  
For all they thought themselves so wise,  
That the gel was dyin under their eyes.  
And—"Take advice, and marry him now!  
A rael good husband anyhow."  
And allis the one against the three—  
And "It cannot be! it cannot be!"

One night he was there, and words ran high—  
Ould Peggy was tellin—and "Let me die!"  
She says—"let me die! let me die!" she said,  
And they tuk her upstairs, and put her to bed,  
And the Doctor come—I knew him well,  
And he knew me—ould Doctor Bell—  
A nice ould man, but hard on the drink,  
And the fond of Betsy you wouldn think!  
He used to say, but he'd never say more,  
Her face was like one he'd seen afore.  
Aw, that's the man that had supped his fill  
Of troubles, mind! but cheerful still.  
And a big strong man; and he'd often say,  
"Well, Thomas, my lad, and when's the day?"  
And "would I be axin him up to the feed?"  
The day indeed! the day indeed!  
So he went up all alone to see her,  
For Betsy wouldn have nobody there,  
Excep himself: and them that was standin  
And houldin their breaths upon the landin  
Could hear her talkin very quick,  
And the Doctor's vice uncommon thick—  
But what was said betwix them two  
That time, there was none of them ever knew:  
God knows, and *him*; but the nither will tell;  
Aw, he was safe to trust was Doctor Bell.  
But when he come down—"Is she raelly dyin?"  
Ould Anthony, said; but the Doctor was cryin.  
And—"Doctor! Doctor! what can it be?"  
"It's only a broken heart," says he;  
And—*he'd come again another day*—  
And he tuk his glass and went away.

And when the winter time come round,  
 And the snow lyin deep upon the ground,  
 One mornin early the mother got up  
 To see how was she, and give her a sup  
 Of tea or the like—and—mates—ould on  
 Betsy was gone! aye, Betsy was gone!  
 "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!  
 Look upon a little child!  
 Pity my simplicity!  
 Suffer me to come to thee!"  
 That's the words I've heard her sing  
 When she was just a little prattlin thing—  
 And I raelly don't think in my heart that ever  
 She was different from that—no, never!  
 Aw, He'd pity her simplicity!  
 A child to God! a woman to me!  
 "Gentle Jesus!" the sound is sweet,  
 Like you'll hear the little lammies bleat!  
 Gentle Jesus! well, well, well!  
 And once I thought—but who can tell!  
 Come! give us a drop of drink! the stuff  
 A man will put out when he's dry! that's enough!  
 To hear me talkin religion—eh?  
 You must have thought it strange?—*You didn*—ye say?  
 You didn!—no!—d—n it! you didn—*you*!  
 Well, that'll do, my lads; that'll do, that'll do.

Well, of coorse the buryin—terrible grand,  
 And aill in the papers you'll understand—  
 "Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Lee  
 And Mary his wife—and twenty-three."  
 But bless me! you've seen the lek afore—  
 And the Doctor waitin at the door,  
 And wantin somethin—and "Could I see her?"  
 And "Yes! aw yes!" and up the steer—  
 And he looked, and he looked—I've heard them say—  
 Like a man that's lookin far away;  
 And he kissed her cheek, and he shut the lid,  
 That's what they tould me the Doctor did.

But, however, you musn suppose, my men,  
 That all this was tould me there and then—  
 Aw, I thought I'd somethin to tell ye, mind!  
 That wasn much in the spoony line—  
 No! no! the words ould mawther said  
 Was—"Betsy is dead, Tom, Betsy is dead!"  
 And it's Taylor has kilt her anyway,  
 For didn he tell you were lost at sea?"  
 Nothin more—and up I sprung  
 To my feet, like a craythur that had been stung,  
 And I couldn see nothin but fire and blood,  
 And I reeled like a bullock that's got the thud  
 Of the slaughterer's hammer betwix his hurns,  
 And claps of light and dark by turns,

Fire and blood! fire and blood!  
 And round and round, till the blindin seud  
 Got thinner and thinner, and then I seen  
 The ould woman had hitched herself between  
 My arms, and her arms around my neck,  
 And waitin, waitin, and wond'rin lek.  
 Aw, I flung her off—"He'll die! he'll die!  
 This night, this very night," says I:  
 "He'll die before I'm one day ouldher;"  
 And I stripped my arm right up to the shouldher—  
 "Look here!" I says, "hesn God given  
 The strength?" I says, "and by Him in Heaven,  
 And by her that's with Him—hip and thigh!  
 He'll die this night, by G—— he'll die!"  
 "No! no!" says she, "no, Thomas, no!"  
 For I was at the door intarmed to go.  
 And she coaxed and coaxed, and "wouldn it be better  
 To speak to him fuss, or to write a letter,  
 Or to wait my chance?" and all that stuff!  
 "And then I could kill him aisy enough."  
 "Aisy! that's not what I want at all,"  
 I says—"I'll stand on his body, and call  
 The people, and let them know right well  
 It's me that sent the villian to hell."  
 "And then you'll be hung," says she, and I laughed—  
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "It's not his craft,"  
 I says; "the work I've got to do  
 Is no Pazon's work." "Would I go to the Brew?"  
 Aw, when she said that I made a run—  
 But she held me, and—"Oh my son! my son!"  
 And cryin and houldin on to me still—  
 "Will you go to the Pazon?" "Yes! I will,  
 If that'll give you any content."  
 Not another word, but away we went—  
 And her in the dark, a keepin a grip  
 Of my jacket for fear I'd give her the slip,  
 And a peggin away with her poor old bones,  
 And stumblin and knockin agin the stones—  
 And neither the good nor the bad was said,  
 And the one of us hadn a thing on our head—  
 And the rain it rained, and the wind it blew—  
 Aw, the woman was hard, but the woman was true.

"Missis Baynes!" says the Pazon, "Missis Baynes!  
 Missis Baynes!  
 Will you plase to tell me what this means?"  
 And white as a sheet, and he cuts a caper,  
 And he drops the spees, and he drops the paper,  
 And backs and gets under the lee of a chair—  
 I'm blest if the Pazon didn look queer!  
 I raelly thought he was goin to fall—  
 And says mawther—"He isn dead at all!  
 Don't be freckened!" and—holy Moses!  
 Wasn he paid to look after ghos'es?

Aw, then the joy he took of me!  
 "And the only one saved from the wreck!" says he.  
 "There was'n no wreck—God d—— his eyes!  
 No wreck at all, but Taylor's lies!"  
 "For shame then! Thomas!" and up she stud.  
 "Let him cuss!" says the Pazon, "it'll do him gud."  
 And the look he gev, and the sigh, and the sob!  
 And he saw in a minute the whole of the job,  
 And he tried to speak, but he was'n able,  
 And I laid my head upon the table—  
 Quite stupid lek, and then them two  
 Began to talk, and I hardly knew  
 What was it they said, but "the little drop!"  
 I heard, and "you'll 'scuse him," and "Woman, stop!  
 The lad is drunk with grief," he said,  
 And he come and put his hand on my head;  
 And the poor old fingers as dry as chips!  
 And the pity a tricklin off their tips—  
 And makin me all as peaceable—  
 Aw, the Pazon was kind and lovin still!  
 Full of wisdom and love, and blessin,  
 Aw, it's kind and lovin was the Pazon

So at last, ye see, whatever they had,  
 I didn say nothin, good or bad;  
 And they settled betwix them what would I do,  
 And neither to go to the town nor the Brew,  
 "But off to sea again, aye straight!  
 And, if I could, that very night."  
 So they roused me up, and "Me and your mawther"—  
 The Pazon says—"Aw, ye needn bother,"  
 Says I, "all right!" and then I'll be bail  
 I took it grand out of Pazon Gale—  
 "Now, Pazon," I says, "you know your man—  
 And a son of ould Dan's too! a son of ould Dan!"  
 We were at the door just ready to go—  
 Aw, the Pazon couldn help smilin though—  
 A son of ould Dan's!—aye just that way—  
 A son of ould Dan's!—eh? Billy! eh?

Well, I kept my word, and off at once,  
 And shipped on a coaster, owned in Penzance;  
 But it was foreign I wanted, so very soon  
 I joined the *Hector* bound for Rangoon.  
 Ah, mates! it's well for flesh and blood  
 To stick to a lass that's sweet and good,  
 Leastways if she sticks to you, ye know;  
 For then, my lads, blow high, blow low,  
 On the stormiest sea, in the darkest night,  
 Her love is a star that'll keep you right.  
 But there was'n no sun nor star for me—  
 Drinkin and tearin and every spree—  
 And if I couldn keep the divil under,  
 I don't think there's many of you will wonder.



Well, Divil or no, the *Hector* come home;  
 We raced that trip with the *Flying Foam*,  
 And up the river the very same tide,  
 And the two of them berthed there side by side;  
 A tight run that, and the whole of it stuck  
 In the paper—logs and all—good luck!  
 And the captain as proud, and me like a fool  
 Spreein away in Liverpool—  
 And lodgins of coorse, for I never could stand  
 Them Sailors' Homes, for a man is a man,  
 And a bell for dinner and a bell for tay,  
 And a bell to sing and a bell to pray,  
 And a bell for this and a bell for that,  
 And "Wipe your feet upon the mat!"  
 And the rules hung up; and fined if you're late,  
 And a chap like a bobby shuttin the gate—  
 It isn't reasonable, it isn't:  
 They calls it a Home, I calls it a Prison.  
 Let a man go wherever he chooses!  
 Ould Mawther Higgins' the house that I uses—  
 Jem Higgins' widda—you'll be bound to know *her*—  
 Clane, but not partickiler.  
 There's Quiggin's too, next door but one,  
 Not Andrew, of coorse! but Rumpy John—  
 She's a dacent woman enough is Nancy,  
 But Higginses allis tuk my fancy.  
 There's some comfort there, for you just goes in,  
 And down with the watch and down with the tin,  
 And sleepin and wakin, and eatin and drinkin—  
 And out and in, and never thinkin—  
 And carryin on till all is blue,  
 And your jacket is gone and your waistcoat too.  
 Then of coorse you must cut your stick,  
 For the woman must live, however thick  
 You may be with her: and I'm tould there's houses  
 Where the people'll let ye drink your trousis;  
 But Higginses! never! and it isn't right!  
 Shirt and trousis! honour bright!

But mostly afore it come to the spout  
 I'd ask if the money was all run out,  
 And she'd allis tell me whether or no,  
 And I'd lave my chiss, and away I'd go.  
 And so this time I took the street,  
 And I walked along till I chanced to meet  
 A shipmate, somewhere down in Wappin'—  
 And "What was I doin? and where was I stoppin?"  
 And "Blow it all! here goes the last copper!"  
 And into a house to get a cropper.

It was one of them dirty stinkin places,  
 Where the people is not a bit better than bases,  
 And long-shore lubbers a shammin to fight,  
 And Jack in his glory, and Jack's delight—

With her elbers stickin outside of her shawl  
 Like the ribs of a wreck—and the divil and all!  
 And childer cussin and suckin the gin—  
 God help them craythurs! the white and the thin!  
 But what took my eye was an ouldish woman  
 In and out, and goin and comin,  
 And heavy feet on the floor overhead,  
 And “She’s long a dyin,” there’s some of them said.  
 “Dyin!” says I; “Yes, dying!” says they;  
 “Well, it’s a rum place to choose to die in—eh?”  
 Aw the ould woman was up, and she cussed very bad—  
 And—“Choosin! there’s not much choosin, my lad!”  
 “And what’s her name?” says I; says she,  
 “If ye want to know, it’s Jinny Magee.”  
 Aw never believe me but I took the stair!  
 And “Where have you got her? where? where? where?”  
 “Turn to the right!” says she, “ye muff!”  
 And there was poor Jinny sure enough!  
 There she was lyin on a wisp of straw—  
 And the dirt and the rags—you never saw—  
 And her eyes—aw them eyes! and her face—well! well!  
 And her that had been such a handsome gel!

“Tom Baynes! Tom Baynes! is it you? is it you?  
 Oh can it be? can it be? can it be true?”  
 Well, I cudn speak, but just a nod—  
 “Oh it’s God that’s sent you—it’s God, it’s God!”  
 And she gasped and gasped—“Oh I wronged you, Thomas!  
 I wronged you, I did, but he made me promise—  
 And here I’m now, and I know I’ll not live—  
 Oh Thomas, forgive me, oh Tom, forgive!  
 Oh reach me your hand, Tom, reach me your hand!”  
 And she stretched out hers, and—I think I’m a man,  
 But I shivered all over, and down by the bed,  
 And “Hush! hush! Jinny! hush! hush!” I said;  
 “Forgive ye?—Yes!” and I took and pressed  
 Her poor weak hand against my breast.  
 “Look, Tom,” she said, “look there! look there!”  
 And a little bundle beside a chair—  
 And the little arms and the little legs—  
 And the round round eyes as big as eggs,  
 And full of wondher—and “That’s the child!”  
 She says, and, my God! the woman smiled!  
 So I took him up, and I says—quite low—  
 “Is it Taylor’s?” I says; “Oh no! no! no!”  
 “All right!” I says; “and his name?” “It’s Simmy.”  
 And the little frock and the little chimmy!  
 And starved to the bones—so “Listen to me!  
 Listen now! listen! Jinny Magee!  
 By Him that made me, Jinny ven!  
 This child is mine for ever—Amen!”  
 And “Simmy!” I says, “remember this!”  
 And I put him to her for her to kiss;

And then I kissed him; but the little chap  
 Of coorse he didn't understand a rap.  
 And I turned to Jinny, and she tried to rise,  
 And I saw the death-light in her eyes—  
 Clasped hands! clenched teeth! and back with the head—  
 Aye, Jinny was dead, boys! Jinny was dead.

"Come here," I says, and I stamped on the floor,  
 And up the old woman come to be sure.  
 "See after her!" I says, "ould Sukee!"  
 And "All very well!" she says, "but lookie!  
 You gives yourself terrible airs, young man!  
 Come now! what are you going to stand?"  
 But I took the child, and says I, "I'm goin':"  
 "Indeed!" she says, "and money owin!"  
 And the people'll be 'spectin a drop of drink,"  
 And cussin, and *who was she did I think?*  
 And the buryin too, for the matter of that!  
 "Out of the way!" says I, "you eat!"  
 And down the stair, and out at the front,  
 And the loblollyboys shoutin "Down with the blunt!"  
 And a squarin up, and a lookin big,  
 And "hould him! down with him! here's a rig!"  
 "Stand back, you Irish curs! stand back!"  
 Says I, for there wasn a man in the pack:  
 "Stand back, you cowards; or I'll soon let ye see!"  
 So off we went—little Simmy and me.

*Is that him there asleep?* did ye ax?  
 Aye, the very same, and them's the fac's.  
 And now, my lads, you'll hardly miss  
 To know what poor little Simmy is.  
 Bless me! it's almost like a dream,  
 But the very same! the very same!  
 Grew of coorse, and growin, understand ye!  
 But you can't keep them small agin nathur, can ye?  
 Look at him, John! the quiet he lies!  
 And the fringes combin over his eyes!  
 I know I'm a fool—but—feel that curl!  
 Aw he's the only thing I have in all the world.

Well, on we marched, and the little thing  
 Wasn so heavy as a swaller's wing—  
 A poor little bag of bones, that's all,  
 He'd have bruk in two if I'd let him fall.  
 And I tried all the little words I knew,  
 And actin the way that women do.  
 But bless ye! he wouldn't take no rest,  
 But shovin his little head in my breast,  
 For though I had lived so long ashore,  
 I never had carried a child before.  
 And not a farlin at me; so the only plan  
 Was to make tracks straight off for Whitehaven,

And chance a logger loadin there—  
 Aw, heaps of them yandhar—never fear!  
 And the first time ever I begged was then,  
 And the women is raely wuss till the men—  
 “Be off!” says my lady, “be off! you scamp!  
 I never give nothin to a tramp!”  
 So I made her a bow, for I learnt with my letters,  
 To “ordher myself to all my betters.”  
 But when the sun got low in the sky,  
 Little Simmy began to cry.  
 Hungry! I says, and over a gate  
 And into a field, and “Wait then, wait!”  
 And I put him sitting upon the grass—  
 Dear o’ me! the green it was—  
 And the daisies and buttercups that was in,  
 And him grabbin at them astonishin!  
 So I milked a cow, and I held my cap,  
 And I gave it to the little chap;  
 And he supped it hearty enough, the sweep!  
 And stretched hisself, and off to sleep—  
 And a deuced good supper and nothin to pay,  
 And “Over the hills and far away.”

So by hook, or by crook, or however it was,  
 I got down to Whitehaven at last;  
 And a Ramsey logger they call the Map—  
 Jemmy Corkhill—I knew the chap.  
 “Hullo!” says I—“Hullo!” says he;  
 “It’s yourself that’s been on the devil’s spree,  
 And a baby at ye—well! well! good Lord!”  
 “All right!” says I, and heaves him aboard—  
 And—*Bless his soul the fun! and a chile in!*  
 So that’s the way I got to the Islan’.  
 I landed at Ramsey and started off  
 The soonest I could, and past Ballaugh,  
 And Kirk Michael, and the Ballacraigne—  
 I hadn been there I couldn tell ye the when.  
 And you may think how he wasn much of a load,  
 But I was checked when I come on the mountain road  
 And I found a spot where the ling was high,  
 And terrible thick and soft and dry—  
 And a big rock standin Nor-East by East—  
 The way of the wind—aw, a beautiful place!

So I laid me down, and the child in my arms,  
 And the quick little breath, and the dogs at the farms,  
 And the curlews whistlin, passin by—  
 And the noise of the river below, and the sigh  
 Of the mountain breeze—I kept awake,  
 And a star come-out like a swan on a lake,  
 White and lonely; and a sort of amazement  
 Got hould on me, and the leads of a casement  
 Crissed-crossed on the sky like a window-frame,  
 And the long, long look! and the far it came!

Aw dear! I thought it was Jinny Magee  
 In heaven makin signs to me.  
 And sleep at last, and when I awoke,  
 The stars was gone, and the day was broke,  
 And the bees beginnin to think of the honey,  
 And who was there but little sonny?  
 Loosed from my arms, and catchin my hair,  
 And laughin, and I laughed too, I'll swear.  
 And says I—"Come, Simmy, my little buffer!  
 You're small, but what is it sayin?—*Suffer*  
*The little children to come to me—*  
 So here goes! Simmy;" and "Glory be"  
 I said, and "Our Father," and two or three  
 Little hymns I remembered—"Let dogs delight,"  
 The first two verses middling right—  
 And "Little boy with cheerful eye,  
 Bright and blue as yandhar sky;"  
 And down, and takin the road to the Lhen,  
 And the clear the sun was shinin then,  
 And the little church that white; and below—  
 The stones—and—well, you know! you know!

But at last I come to the shore, and I ran,  
 For though it was early I saw a man  
 Diggin lug on the beach, and I didn want  
 To meet the like, so I made a slant,  
 And back and in by the Claddagh lane,  
 And round by the gable—Ned knows what I mean;  
 And in at the door; and "Mawther!" I said,  
 "Mawther!" but she was still in bed.  
 "Mawther! look here! look here!" I cried;  
 And I tould her all, how Jinny had died,  
 And this was the youngster, and what I intended,  
 And she heard me till my story was ended,  
 And just like a stone—aw, never a word!  
 And me gettin angry, till this little bird  
 Chirrup up with a crow and a leap—  
 And—"Mammy seepy! Mammy as'leep"—  
 Just that baby way—aw, then the flood  
 Of the woman's-life come into her blood;  
 And she stretched her arms, and I gave him to her,  
 And she cried till she couldn cry no more.  
 And she took to him grand, though of coorse at fuss  
 Her hand was out, ye see, to nuss.  
 But after dinner she had him as nice—  
 And a singin, bless ye, with her poor ould vice.

The sun was down when I left them awhile,  
 And up the Claddagh, and over the stile,  
 And into the ould churchyard, and tryin  
 To find the place where Betsy was lyin.  
 It was nearly dark, but I was alone,  
 For I seen a man bending over a stone—

And the look, and the heave of the breast—I could see  
 It *was* a man—in his agony.  
 And nearer! nearer! the head! the hair!  
 My God! it was Taylor! Taylor—*there!*  
 Aw then it all come back again,  
 All the throuble and all the pain,  
 And the one thought in my head—*him there at her grave!*  
 And I stopped, and I said, “May Jesus save  
 His soul! for his life is in my hand—  
 Life for life! it’s God’s command.  
 Life for life!” and I measured my step—  
 “So long he shall live!” and I crep and crep—  
 Aw, the murderer’s crep—“God give him grace!”  
 Thinks I—then to him, and looked in his face.  
 Aw, that face! he raised it—it wasn surprise,  
 It wasn fear that was in his eyes;  
 But the look of a man that’s fairly done  
 With everythin that’s under the sun.  
 Ah, mates! however it was with me,  
 He had loved her, he *loved* her—my Betsy Lee!  
 “Taylor!” I said; but he never spoke:  
 “You loved her,” I said, “and your heart is broke.”  
 And he looked—aw, the look—“Come, give us your hand!”  
 I says—“*Forgive you?* I can! I can!  
 For the love that was so terrible strong,  
 For the love that made you do the wrong.”  
 And, with them words, I saw the star  
 I tould you of, but brighter far:  
 It wasn Jinny, but Betsy now!  
 “Misther Taylor,” I says, “we cannot tell how,  
 But it was love—yes! yes! it was love! it was love!  
 And He’s taken her to Hisself above;  
 And it’s Him that’ll see that nothin annoys her,  
 And——” “Watch below! turn up!” “Aye, aye, Sir!”

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION.<sup>1</sup>

THE idea of authority in matters of *theological* opinion has been rendered familiar to us by the chronic controversy between the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches, as to the mode in which dogmatic truth may be attained.<sup>2</sup> The Roman theologians assert that the decisions of an œcumenical council, or of a pope when speaking *ex cathedra*, are to be received with unquestioning assent. It is not necessary, they say, that individuals should recognize the validity, or indeed understand the nature, of the reasoning by which such decisions may be defended, since the ground on which they are to be accepted does not consist in any preponderance of arguments in their favour, but in the fact of their having been promulgated by an infallible organ of dogmatic truth. Protestant divines, on the contrary, encourage the individual to reject unhesitatingly all such decisions, whether of popes or councils, as appear to his own reason and conscience, after due examination and inquiry, to be no part of Divine revelation.

We have here the principle of authority sharply distinguished from that of private judgment. The Roman controversialist claims for the former, the Protestant for the latter, a preponderating influence on religious thought. It is, perhaps, the seeming antagonism into which the two principles have been thus forced in the field of theology that has attracted almost exclusive attention to their appearance on this battle-ground of successive generations; there centres round them, when thus seen, something of the joy of conflict which gives a keener interest to

any question about which we witness an obstinate struggle between able and well-matched antagonists. A very little consideration will, however, suffice to show that authority and private judgment also play their parts, directly or indirectly, in moulding our opinions, and through them our actions, in the great domain of matters non-theological.

The exigencies of common life are constantly placing us in positions where, of two or more alternative modes of action, we *must* adopt one. A boy is to be educated—what school shall he be sent to? An action at law to be commenced—what counsel shall be retained? A vacant post to be filled up—which of the candidates shall be selected?

The answer to be given to each of these questions involves the previous formation of an *opinion* on the subject with which it deals. The school is fixed upon because the boy's father thinks it the best he can afford; the counsel engaged because the solicitor in the case holds him to be eminently fitted to conduct it; the candidate appointed because the patron conceives him to be better qualified than his competitors. But though the *formation* of an opinion is unavoidable, the opinion itself may be arrived at in two extremely different ways. Let us suppose the boy's father, in the first of our three illustrations, to be a highly-educated man, well acquainted with the details of school management. Before coming to a decision he visits a number of schools, and at each questions the master, looks over the house, hears lessons given, overhauls the class-books, and talks with the boys in the playground. He then compares the advantages and defects of the several schools, and selects that which appears to him best suited to his son's powers and the length of his own purse. This is an opinion formed by *private judgment*.

Next let the father have enjoyed no

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Cambridge Reform Club, on February 5th, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis' work on "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion" for the principles laid down in the following paper. The exposition and application of those principles are in the main my own.

unusual advantages of education, and know nothing about schools. His course is now much more expeditious. He goes to some one whom he believes to be well informed in matters of education, and on whose judgment and integrity he can rely, and asks him to recommend a suitable school. If he at once makes up his mind that the school thus recommended to him is the one he wants, his opinion is formed entirely on *authority*. It is probable, however, that if not he, at any rate his wife, will contribute a little element of private judgment to the decision by ascertaining, by personal inspection, that the sheets are clean and the beef abundant.

A passing glance at the multifarious matters on which a man is thus compelled to come to some kind of conclusion, will suffice to convince us that in the great majority of cases he cannot possess the knowledge of detail requisite for forming a really *independent* opinion. A man may be a guardian of the poor, a trustee of a school, a member of a hospital-board, a common council man, a member of Parliament. How is it possible that he can go for himself into all the economical, social, sanitary, educational, medical, legal, constitutional, and many more kinds of questions which come before him in these capacities, on which, nevertheless, he is constantly called upon to form, and sometimes to express, an opinion? Nothing is more certain than that in nine cases out of ten he *must* take the opinions of other men on trust, *i.e.* adopt the principle of authority. The extent to which he will have to do this is probably far greater than those who have never examined the subject are at all aware of.

Let us first see how the case stands with the sciences, from whose domain the principle of authority is commonly supposed to have long been peremptorily banished.

An independent cultivator of any one science does not generally possess a first-hand acquaintance with any other. If for any purpose he requires to make use of facts belonging to a field not his own, he consults the best book on the

subject within his reach, and, without troubling himself with trains of preliminary reasoning, takes for granted whatever statements appear to him to bear on the subject he has in hand. There is here no independent inquiry whatever, but unconditional submission to the principle of authority. Even within the area of a single science, the jurisdiction of the same principle is extensive. Mathematics, for instance, has of late grown so enormously as to make it impossible for anyone not endowed with very exceptional powers of application, and a voracious and insatiable intellectual appetite, to acquire anything like an independent knowledge of the present condition of that subject in all its different branches. The most distinguished mathematicians would be the first to disclaim such complete knowledge themselves, and to dissuade others from the extravagant and comparatively useless attempt to acquire it. Each seeks to extend his independent knowledge of his own special branch of the subject, but, beyond its limits, adopts unhesitatingly, and without previous examination, the results obtained by other investigators.

Let us now pass beyond the boundaries of the so-called "exact" sciences, into subjects such as history, and think for a moment what an amount of time and labour is involved in investigating a single question,—say the character of a particular sovereign. The searching for lost or undiscovered records, collating, deciphering, and interpreting of old manuscripts, sifting of evidence, marshalling of ascertained facts, are processes requiring enormous patience and systematic application, and making unlimited demands on the time of the inquirer. To go thoroughly into a few such questions is work for a lifetime.

The considerations which have been adduced lead to the conclusion that the further the domain of human knowledge is extended, and the more thoroughly it is cultivated, the smaller will the portion of it become with which any one man can possess a thoroughly independent acquaintance.



"Knowledge" may, as Tennyson sings, "grow from more to more," but independent familiarity with it will shrink from less to less.

If we dismiss the case of professed students, and think of the great mass of our countrymen, whose main energies are absorbed in the occupations of active life, there can be no room for doubt that, as a rule, their opinions on all subjects lying beyond the circle of the avocations by which they live, must be taken on trust from the opinions of other people.

Enough has been said to show beyond the possibility of dispute, that the principle of authority plays a predominant part in forming the opinions of all thinking men, except within the narrowest individual limits. If, however, we are to take our opinions in a great measure on trust, we stand in urgent need of some guide to tell us *what* opinions to adopt. We need, in short, a test by which to discriminate between trustworthy and untrustworthy authority. It will aid us in the search for such a test if we first consider a case which presents considerable analogy to that under discussion.

When a lawsuit comes before a jury, the first step is to establish by evidence the *facts* of the case. If the evidence is conflicting, the jury have to make up their minds to which of two or more witnesses they will give, and to which refuse, credence. In so far as they accept the evidence of a particular witness, he becomes to them a kind of authority for the time being, though only in a matter of *fact*, and not of *opinion*. Still the cases are sufficiently alike for the rules which hold in the one to be applicable *mutatis mutandis* to the other. Now the requisites to make a man a good witness in a matter of fact are the following:—

1. That he was present when the alleged fact occurred.

2. That he observed what took place.

3. That he possesses adequate intelligence and memory to report clearly what he observed.

4. That he is not under the influence

of any personal interest, or other bias sufficiently powerful to overcome his desire to tell the truth.

The great bulk of men in a civilized community evidently possess these qualifications, and are therefore credible witnesses in matters of fact. The corresponding requisites to constitute a man a trustworthy authority in a matter of opinion, are far less easy of attainment. We must be assured that he has enjoyed adequate opportunities of studying his subject, and has availed himself of those opportunities; that his powers of mind are more than a match for the difficulties to be encountered, and his love of truth strong enough to overcome any misleading personal influences which can be brought to bear upon him. Now these are qualifications rarely united in any one individual. It is not hard to find a man of leisure, or a man of energy, or a man of brains, or a man of integrity, but we may search for a long time before we meet with one who combines all these in the high degree which is essential to constitute him an authority in a matter of opinion.

Thus it would seem, at first sight, as if nothing were gained by an appeal to the principle of authority, because it would often be quite as difficult to ascertain what person possessed all the essential marks of trustworthy authority, as to investigate for ourselves the question on which we had to form an opinion. Certainly, if in every such case we had to make out for ourselves whether a particular man had the amount of leisure, devotion to his subject, capacity and honesty of mind sufficient to justify our taking his opinion on trust, the process would, as a rule, be too long to be worth going through. We are, however, relieved from any such necessity by the great principle of agreement among independent investigators. Ecclesiastical tradition supplies us with an incident which aptly illustrates the nature of this principle. We read that when a Greek translation of the Hebrew original of the Old Testament was called for, seventy translators were set to work in separate cells with-

out being allowed any communication with each other. Each translated the whole of the Old Testament, and on the completion of the work it was found that all the versions produced agreed word for word throughout. This was held to prove that a supernatural influence had acted on the minds of the translators, and thus guaranteed the absolute perfection of their version. It was not the *ability* of the several translators on which the stress of this inference was made to rest, but their mutual independence, and the entire agreement of their work.

Let us take a corresponding incident more consonant with modern experience. Suppose that one of the lost works of classical antiquity has been discovered in manuscript in the library of a Greek monastery, and that translations have been made by scholars in different parts of Europe. Without instituting any inquiry into the qualifications of the individual translators, we should at once conclude that those passages of the original as to the meaning of which there existed substantial agreement, had been correctly translated.

In reasoning thus, we should be making one or two tacit assumptions, which, though perfectly legitimate in the case in hand, by no means hold universally. We should take for granted that classical scholars are, on the whole, properly qualified to deal with their subject, not under the influence of misleading class-interests or prejudices, and free to express, without let or hindrance, whatever opinions they may form. The importance of these tacitly assumed conditions will be immediately seen if we examine a few cases in which they are *not* satisfied. For example, there is a very considerable amount of agreement among a large number of persons calling themselves Spiritualists, in support of the assertion that certain phenomena are due to the agency of departed spirits. The public pays no deference to this agreement, and treats the asserted spiritual agency with general incredulity or indifference. Why is this? Because the cultivators of Spiritualism

have as yet afforded us no ground for thinking that, as a body, they possess the exceptional qualifications requisite for men who undertake to deal with the most difficult problems of physiology and mental science.

Again, at the time of the Anti-Corn-law agitation, the landed interest with one voice exclaimed that the proposed measure would ruin the country. The nation disregarded their agreement in this opinion. Why? Because it perceived that class interests, and not genuine conviction, raised the outcry. Once more: throughout the Middle Ages a vast and most imposing array of theological agreement supported the dogmas of the Roman Church. Yet the voice of the Reformation pronounced the claim of that Church to authority in matters of belief to be an utter usurpation, and treated the mass of consentient opinion which backed it up as a mere delusion. Why? Because the expression of opposite opinion was rendered impossible, and the dominant system enforced by a mechanism of external coercion, of which, for spying vigilance and inexorable rigour, the world has never seen the like. The absolute consent of overt expression on which the Roman controversialists relied, was therefore merely apparent, and it was as unsafe to infer from it a corresponding agreement of internal conviction, as it would be to conclude from the constantly repeated evolutions of a gang of convicts that the treadmill was the mode of taking exercise which above all others their souls loved.

We come, then, to the following result. If a particular subject has been diligently studied by well-qualified and thoroughly independent persons, we may accept their conclusions wherever they possess the guarantee of unanimity, provided always that there exists entire freedom of discussion, that no particular opinions are favoured by restricting posts of emolument and social pre-eminence to such as profess them, and no class of thinkers so persistently assailed, on account of unpopular tenets, with calumny and misrepresentation, as to

silence their opposition to what they conceive to be popular errors.

The views to which we have been led as to the paramount sway of the principle of authority, have undoubtedly something about them rather humbling to human vanity. It will therefore be worth while to bring out a few of the compensating advantages which it bestows on us. In the first place we obtain from it an extent of knowledge out of all proportion to what we could hope to acquire by our own efforts alone. Now in many branches of learning, the *results* are just the most beautiful and interesting parts. For instance, in astronomy, the great laws of planetary motion have an incomparable grandeur, which any clear-headed person can be made to perceive; whereas the details of observation and calculation which must be gone through in order to demonstrate these laws are in many respects excessively wearisome and repulsive. Further, all *progress* in knowledge depends on the principle of authority, since by it men are enabled to build higher and higher. One generation makes a single course of bricks firm and secure, the next lays another upon it, and so on. If each generation had insisted on ignoring the work of its predecessor, our temple of knowledge would never have risen beyond a hovel.

But, it may be objected, if we admit these conclusions, we shall have to abandon the ground taken up at the Reformation, and adopt submissive, slavish principles in religion, which have hitherto led, and must always lead, to ecclesiastical tyranny. My answer is, there is no need to do anything of the kind. We have merely to apply to the specimens of so-called Church authority presented to us the few simple tests enumerated in this paper, and we shall find that they are no authorities at all, but mere counterfeits. The test which proves at once fatal to their claim is that which requires entire freedom of discussion as a guarantee of sound authority. This has been so notoriously absent, or rather, its exact opposite has been so persistently present, throughout

history, whether represented by the fires of the Inquisition abroad, or by parliamentary and episcopal tyranny in England, that there is no occasion to go a step further.

It may have seemed to some of my hearers that the topics to which I have directed attention are but distantly connected with the proper objects of a society such as that which I have the honour to address. I hope, however, to be able to show that the conclusions at which we have arrived admit of being applied with great advantage to the field of politics. One of the most essential differences between Liberals and Conservatives lies in the attitude which they respectively assume towards the principle of authority. Men of both parties alike necessarily form the bulk of their opinions by the aid of this principle—in fact, they can no more help doing so than they can help breathing the common air, and basking in the common sunshine. But the Liberal party, not content with merely using the principle, has persistently striven to bring about a more complete fulfilment of those conditions on which, as we have seen, all its validity and soundness depend. The history of the Liberal party is essentially the history of a long struggle for mental freedom and unfettered utterance. The removal, more or less complete, of severe restrictions on the press and on literature—of invidious civil disabilities inflicted on the maintainers of particular theological tenets—of enforced subscription to antiquated formularies of belief—has directly tended to increase publicity, diminish hypocrisy, and remove to a great extent the obloquy attaching to impugners of dominant notions; and so most powerfully to enhance that feeling of mutual confidence which practically sums up the guarantees of trustworthy authority. The history of the Conservative party is the history of a persistent effort to hinder the emancipation of the human intellect, and to choke its utterance. The policy of that party has, accordingly, tended to perpetuate mistrust and class-suspicion, and thus to stunt the growth

of the principle of authority. The attitude of the two parties may therefore be described as follows. Both owe their political opinions to authority. Liberals, while perhaps not adequately acknowledging their obligations to this principle, nevertheless strive to bring it to the highest state of efficiency. Conservatives, though never weary of parading their adherence to the principle, cling with unreasoning tenacity to the imperfections which clog its development.

Besides affording us the means of clearly expressing a marked distinction between our party in the State and that of our political opponents, the results we have reached are capable of indicating the kind of personal qualifications which a Liberal constituency should look for when choosing its candidate for a parliamentary election. I have used the word *personal* advisedly, as I must of course take it for granted that the candidate is at one with his supporters on the general principles and policy of the Liberal party. On these there can be no discussion within the circle of this society.

We all know that the variety of subjects which engage the attention of our legislators is practically unlimited—that there is hardly anything in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, which may not be made the subject of a parliamentary debate and a parliamentary division. No man possesses an independent familiarity with more than an infinitesimally small proportion of the subjects which may thus be brought before him; nevertheless a constituency generally expects its representative to give, by his vote, an opinion on all the most important questions submitted to the test of a division. A member of Parliament has, therefore, necessarily to make more habitual use of the principle of authority, in forming his opinions, than any other class of men in the community. He ought, then, not indeed to be more versed than other men in all kinds of political questions, but to know better than they the right quarter in which to apply for a sound opinion on each question as it presents itself. His

authorities will be as various as the subjects with which he is called on to deal. On many questions the best will probably be the leaders of the political party to which he himself belongs. These men have access to exceptional sources of information, and are specially well informed as to what measures are, not perhaps in the abstract the very best possible, but the best that the strength of the party admits of carrying. We often hear men who vote steadily with their party sneered at, and called place-hunters and office-seekers, but clearly nothing can be more unjust. They are simply adopting the most trustworthy body of opinion within their reach, and probably, in most cases, taking the very best course that circumstances allow of.

A debate is a great opportunity for consulting authorities. On most questions which crop up, there are some members of the House who are entitled, by special study or exceptional means of information, to act as guides of opinion. By weighing these experts against each other, and striking a balance between them, a shrewd, intelligent man may easily come to a right conclusion without any previous independent study of the points at issue.

But the legislator must clearly extend his search for authorities far beyond the limits of the assembly to which he belongs. In dealing with private persons who claim to act influentially on public opinion, he will often find the tests of authority adapted to numerous bodies of men inapplicable, and have to depend on negative and less decisive marks, such as the absence of over-statement and mystic airs of infallibility, of concealment and convenient vagueness of expression.

It seems, then, that the requisites needed for the efficient discharge of parliamentary duties—as far as an outsider may presume to judge—are mainly a disciplined intellect, trained to concentrate itself with vigorous rapidity on any subject which may claim its attention, a straightness and uprightness of mind which is ready to follow truth

with confidence, but shrinks instinctively from the touch of falsehood, and a wide knowledge of, and tact in dealing with, men of all classes and conditions. Such I conceive to be the main qualities to be sought for in one who is to stand forth as the representative of other men, the guardian of their interests, and the champion of their rights. When we consider the high trust and dignity involved in such an office, we may even, I think, go a step further, and seek as our candidate one who, besides being a skilled collector of authoritative opinions in general, is, on some one or more questions, an authority himself. A constituent enjoys a feeling of internal satisfaction if he knows that his representative, when speaking on his own special subject in Parliament, is listened to with the deference which, for instance, is accorded by the House of Commons on more than one subject to the member for Brighton.

I have spoken of the qualifications which have a legitimate claim on the support of a reasonable and thinking elector. Let me, in conclusion, contrast with them certain so-called qualifications, which, though they by no means *really* qualify a man to perform well the duties of a representative, nevertheless succeed in usurping a predominant influence. I mean great wealth and hereditary connection with the territorial aristocracy.

A very large amount of capital accumulated in the hands of an individual inevitably confers upon him a considerable power over other men. He can turn the fertilizing streams of a vast business into what channels he pleases, systematically lay men struggling with difficulties under a yoke of money obligation which they are powerless to shake off, and in a hundred different ways manipulate the interested springs of human action. This is what we call *local influence*. Let a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons possess it, and we know that he has an excellent chance of being returned, let his personal unfitness for the post he seeks be what it may. On this point I will quote

some vigorous words of Professor Goldwin Smith in an article on the labour question, in the January number of the *Contemporary Review*:—"Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honours, political power, is ready at his command. Does he fancy a seat in the British House of Commons, the best club in London, as it has been truly called? All other claims, those of the public service included, at once give way. I remember a question arising about a nomination for a certain constituency (a working man's constituency by the way), which was cut short by the announcement that the seat was wanted by a local millionaire. When the name of the millionaire was mentioned, surprise was expressed. Has he, it was asked, any political knowledge or capacity, any interest in public affairs, any ambition? The answer was 'None.' 'Then why does he want the seat?' 'He does not want it.' 'Then why does he take it?' 'Because his wife does.' Cleopatra, as the story goes, displayed her mad prodigality by melting a pearl in a cup out of which she drank to Antony. But this modern money-queen could throw into her cup of pleasure, to give it a keener zest, a share in the government of the greatest empire in the world."

Aristocratic birth is also an effective passport to Parliament. Young noblemen are promoted with surprising rapidity from the University to the House of Commons. A good many specimens of this class of men come before us in Cambridge in the course of a few years, so that one can form a pretty accurate estimate of their qualifications for parliamentary duties and responsibilities. As a rule they do not rise above the average level of our undergraduates, either in ability or in power of application. Nevertheless we may reckon with tolerable certainty on seeing them, a year or two after they have left the University, occupying seats in Parliament which far abler men cannot hope to attain until they are grey-



headed. Now, when we know that influential, but personally ill-qualified, candidates can calculate on winning seats against well-qualified but uninfluential competitors, we know that a large number of electors must habitually allow their votes to be decided by considerations not strictly disinterested. In fact, local influence acts on the middle-class elector very much in the same way as bribery and intimidation do on the voter of the poorest class, but is, of course, far more insidious than these gross and palpable forms of corruption, since it can make its power felt without uttering a word, or committing a single overt act which could be alleged in an election petition.

In whatever way, however, the force of wealth and social station is brought to bear, it humiliates the individual voter by interfering with his free and conscientious choice, and injures the nation by forcing upon it a less efficient class of legislators than it would otherwise obtain. The tendency of a system of election in which it plays any considerable part is to weight Parliament with moneyed and landed men of mediocre ability, and no special turn for public affairs. These persons are pretty sure to regard social questions from a point of view specially favourable to those influences to which they must be perfectly conscious of owing their election. Hence follows legislation in the interests of the opulent and landed classes. To take an instance or two. What should we think if we found in some continental capital a great pleasure-ground, all the best drives in which were exclusively reserved for the use of those persons whose incomes reached, say, a thousand or fifteen hundred a year? Yet this is exactly the effect of the London park regulations, by which none but private carriages are allowed on the principal drives. A rich man, whose income permits him to keep a carriage of his own, is to be allowed to drive about the park as he chooses. A poorer man, who could afford to hire a cab in order to enjoy the same pleasure, is not

allowed to enter, or is restricted to a single road. A system which creates a monopoly of public property for the use of the wealthy would, I venture to affirm, be no longer tolerated by a really representative House of Commons.

Again, when the tramway system was under discussion in Parliament, a very rich member opposed it on the ground of the inconvenience it would cause to "gentlemen having carriages of their own." He knew, no doubt, that this argument, which would have been worth little in a house of *representatives*, would be most effective in a house of *opulents*. As a last example, let me refer to the rejection of the Birmingham Sewage Bill last session, when the interests of a vast centre of population and manufacture were sacrificed to those of a few landowners whose property was thought likely to be deteriorated if the Bill became law.

The condition of things indicated by such occurrences is certainly very serious, but it may, I am convinced, be successfully combated if Liberal electors will only determine to prefer ability and high integrity, in their candidate, above all other real or supposed qualifications, and let it be most distinctly understood that they intend to act resolutely and systematically on this principle. Our representatives occupy posts of the most momentous importance; we are therefore bound as patriotic Englishmen so to discharge our electoral trust that, as far as in us lies, none but thoroughly competent and single-hearted men shall be allowed to sit in the great council of the nation. To do this consistently and unswervingly will require some effort, and perhaps some sacrifice, but no one who is heartily attached to the great fundamental principles on which Liberalism is built ought to count the cost, when he remembers that by acting fearlessly and staunchly, according to the unbiassed dictates of his own conscience, he can contribute towards ensuring to those principles an ultimate and complete triumph.

SEDLEY TAYLOR.

## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## AT BARVAS BRIDGE.

VERY soon, indeed, Ingram began to see that his friend had spoken to him quite frankly; and that he was really bent on asking Sheila to become his wife. Ingram contemplated this prospect with some dismay, and with some vague consciousness that he was himself responsible for what he could not help regarding as a disaster. He had half expected that Frank Lavender would, in his ordinary fashion, fall in love with Sheila—for about a fortnight. He had joked him about it even before they came within sight of Sheila's home. He had listened with a grim humour to Lavender's outbursts of admiration, and only asked himself how many times he had heard the same phrases before. But now things were looking more serious; for the young man had thrown himself into the prosecution of his new project with all the generous poetic enthusiasm of a highly impulsive nature. Ingram saw that everything a young man could do to win the heart of a young girl Lavender would do; and nature had dowered him richly with various means of fascination. Most dangerous of all of these was a gift of sincerity that deceived himself. He could assume an opinion, or express an emotion, at will, with such a genuine fervour that he himself forgot how recently he had acquired it, and was able to convince his companion for the moment that it was a revelation of his inmost soul. It was this charm of impetuous sincerity which had fascinated Ingram himself years before, and made him cultivate the acquaintance of a young man whom he at first regarded as a somewhat facile, talkative, and histri-

onic person. Ingram perceived, for example, that young Lavender had so little regard for public affairs that he would have been quite content to see our Indian Empire go for the sake of eliciting a sarcasm from Lord Westbury; but, at the same time, if you had appealed to his nobler instincts, and placed before him the condition of a certain populace suffering from starvation, he would have done all in his power to aid them, he would have written letters to the newspapers, would have headed subscriptions, and would have ended by believing that he had been the constant friend of the people of India throughout his life and was bound to stick to them to the end of it.

As often as not Lavender borrowed his fancies and opinions from Edward Ingram himself, who was amused and gratified at the same time to find his humdrum notions receive a dozen new lights and colours when transferred to the warmer atmosphere of his friend's imagination. Ingram would even consent to receive from his younger companion advice, impetuously urged and richly illustrated, which he had himself offered, in simpler terms, months before. At this very moment he could see that much of Lavender's romantic conceptions of Sheila's character was only an exaggeration of some passing hints he, Ingram, had dropped as the *Clansman* was steaming into Stornoway. But then they were ever so much more beautiful. Ingram held to his conviction that he himself was a distinctly commonplace person. He had grown reconciled to the ordinary grooves of life. But young Lavender was not commonplace—he fancied he could see in him an occasional flash of something that looked like

genius; and many and many a time, in regarding the brilliant and facile powers, the generous impulses, and the occasional ambitions of his companion, he wondered whether these would ever lead to anything in the way of production, or even of consolidation of character, or whether they would merely remain the passing sensations of an indifferent idler. Sometimes, indeed, he devoutly wished that Lavender had been born a stonemason.

But all these pleasant and graceful qualities which had made the young man an agreeable companion were a serious danger now; for was it not but too probable that Sheila, accustomed to the rude and homely ways of the islanders, would be attracted, and pleased, and fascinated by one who had about him so much of a soft and southern brightness with which she was wholly unfamiliar? This open-hearted frankness of his placed all his best qualities in the sunshine, as it were; she could not fail to see the singular modesty and courtesy of his bearing towards women, his gentle manners, his light-heartedness, his passionate admiration of the self-sacrifice of others, and his sympathy with their sufferings. Ingram would not have minded much if Lavender alone had been concerned in the dilemma now growing imminent; he would have left him to flounder out of it as he had got out of previous ones. But he had been surprised, and pained, and even frightened to detect in Sheila's manner some faint indications—so faint that he was doubtful what construction to put on them—of a special interest in the young stranger whom he had brought with him to Borva.

What could he do in the matter, supposing his suspicions were correct? Caution Sheila?—it would be an insult. Warn Mackenzie?—the King of Borva would fly into a passion with everybody concerned, and bring endless humiliation on his daughter, who had probably never dreamed of regarding Lavender except as a chance acquaintance. Insist upon Lavender going south at once?—that would merely goad the young man into

obstinacy. Ingram found himself in a grievous difficulty, afraid to say how much of it was of his own creation. He had no selfish sentiments of his own to consult; if it were to become evident that the happiness of Sheila and of his friend depended on their marrying each other, he was ready to forward such a project with all the influence at his command. But there were a hundred reasons why he should dread such a marriage. He had already mentioned several of them to Lavender, in trying to dissuade the young man from his purpose. A few days had passed since then; and it was clear that Lavender had abandoned all notion of fulfilling those resolutions he had vaguely formed. But the more that Ingram thought over the matter, and the further he recalled all the ancient proverbs and stories about the fate of intermeddlers, the more evident it became to him that he could take no immediate action in the affair. He would trust to the chapter of accidents to save Sheila from what he considered a disastrous fate. Perhaps Lavender would repent. Perhaps Mackenzie, continually on the watch for small secrets, would discover something, and bid his daughter stay in Borva while his guests proceeded on their tour through Lewis. In any case, it was not at all certain that Lavender would be successful in his suit. Was the heart of a proud-spirited, intelligent, and busily-occupied girl to be won in a matter of three weeks or a month? Lavender would go south, and no more would be heard of it.

This tour round the island of Lewis, however, was not likely to favour much any such easy escape from the difficulty. On a certain morning the larger of Mr. Mackenzie's boats carried the holiday party away from Borva; and even at this early stage—as they sat in the stern of the heavy craft—Lavender had arrogated to himself the exclusive right of waiting upon Sheila. He had constituted himself her companion in all their excursions about Borva which they had undertaken; and now, on this longer journey, they were to be once more



thrown together. It did seem a little hard that Ingram should be relegated to Mackenzie and his theories of government; but did he not profess to prefer that? Like most men who have got beyond five-and-thirty, he was rather proud of considering himself an observer of life. He stood aside as a spectator, and let other people, engaged in all manner of eager pursuits, pass before him for review. Towards young folks, indeed, he assumed a good-naturedly paternal air, as if they were but as shy-faced children to be humoured. Were not their love-affairs a pretty spectacle? As for himself, he was far beyond all that. The illusions of love-making, the devotion, and ambition, and dreams of courtship, were no longer possible to him; but did they not constitute on the whole a beautiful and charming study, that had about it at times some little touches of pathos? At odd moments, when he saw Sheila and Lavender walking together in the evening, he was himself half inclined to wish that something might come of the young man's determination. It would be so pleasant to play the part of a friendly counsellor, to humour the follies of the young folks, to make jokes at their expense, and then, in the midst of their embarrassment and resentment, to go forward, and pet them a little, and assure them of a real and earnest sympathy.

"Your time is to come," Lavender said to him suddenly, after he had been exhibiting some of his paternal forbearance and consideration; "you will get a dreadful twist some day, my boy. You have been doing nothing but dreaming about women; but some day or other you will wake up to find yourself captured and fascinated beyond anything you have ever seen in other people, and then you will discover what a desperately real thing it is."

Ingram had a misty impression that he had heard something like this before. Had he not given Lavender some warning of the same kind? But he was so much accustomed to hear those vague repetitions of his own remarks—and was, on the whole, so well pleased to

think that his commonplace notions should take root and flourish in this goodly soil—that he never thought of asking Lavender to quote his authority for those profound observations on men and things.

"Now, Miss Mackenzie," said the young man, as the big boat was drawing near to Callernish, "what is to be our first sketch in Lewis?"

"The Callernish stones, of course," said Mackenzie himself; "it iss more than one hass come to the Lewis to see the Callernish stones."

Lavender had promised to the King of Borva a series of water-colour drawings of Lewis, and Sheila was to choose the subjects from day to day. Mackenzie was gratified by this proposal, and accepted it with much magnanimity; but Sheila knew that, before the offer was made, Lavender had come to her and asked her if she cared about sketches, and whether he might be allowed to take a few on this journey and present them to her. She was very grateful; but suggested that it might please her papa if they were given to him. Would she superintend them, then, and choose the topics for illustration? Yes, she would do that; and so the young man was furnished with a roving commission.

He brought her a little sepia sketch of Borvabost, its huts, its bay, and its up-turned boats on the beach. Sheila's expressions of praise—the admiration and pleasure that shone in her eyes—would have turned any young man's head. But her papa looked at the picture with a critical eye, and remarked—

"Oh yes, it is ferry good—but it is not the colour of Loch Roag at all. It is the colour of a river when there is a flood of rain—I have neffer at all seen Loch Roag a brown colour—neffer at all."

It was clear, then, that the subsequent sketches could not be taken in sepia; and so Lavender proposed to make a series of pencil-drawings, which could be washed in with colour afterwards. There was one subject, indeed, which, since his arrival in Lewis, he had tried to fix on paper by every conceivable

means in his power—and that was Sheila herself. He had spoiled innumerable sheets of paper in trying to get some likeness of her which would satisfy himself; but all his usual skill seemed somehow to have gone from him. He could not understand it. In ordinary circumstances, he could have traced in a dozen lines a portrait that would at least have shown a superficial likeness—he could have multiplied portraits by the dozen of old Mackenzie, or Ingram, or Duncan—but here he seemed to fail utterly. He invited no criticism, certainly. These efforts were made in his own room; and he asked no one's opinion as to the likeness. He could, indeed, certify to himself that the drawing of the features was correct enough. There was the sweet and placid forehead, with its low masses of dark hair; there the short upper lip, the finely-carved mouth, the beautifully-rounded chin and throat; and there the frank, clear, proud eyes, with their long lashes and highly-curved eyebrows. Sometimes, too, a touch of colour added warmth to the complexion, put a glimmer of the blue sea beneath the long black eyelashes, and drew a thread of scarlet round the white neck. But was this Sheila? Could he take this sheet of paper to his friends in London, and say—Here is the magical princess whom I hope to bring to you from the North, with all the glamour of the sea around her? He felt instinctively that there would be an awkward pause. The people would praise the handsome, frank, courageous head, and look upon the bit of red ribbon round the neck as an effective artistic touch. They would hand him back the paper with a compliment; and he would find himself in an agony of unrest because that they had misunderstood the portrait, and seen nothing of the wonder that encompassed this Highland girl as if with a garment of mystery and dreams.

So he tore up portrait after portrait—more than one of which would have startled Ingram by its truth; and then, to prove to himself that he was not growing mad, he resolved to try a por-

trait of some other person. He drew a head of old Mackenzie in chalk; and was amazed at the rapidity and facility with which he executed the task. Then there could be no doubt as to the success of the likeness nor as to the effect of the picture. The King of Borva, with his heavy eyebrows, his aquiline nose, his keen grey eyes, and flowing beard, offered a fine subject; and there was something really royal, and massive, and noble in the head that Lavender, well satisfied with his work, took down-stairs one evening. Sheila was alone in the drawing-room, turning over some music.

"Miss Mackenzie," he said, rather kindly, "would you look at this?"

Sheila turned round, and the sudden light of pleasure that leapt to her face was all the praise and all the assurance he wanted. But he had more than that. The girl was grateful to him beyond all the words she could utter, and when he asked her if she would accept the picture, she thanked him by taking his hand for a moment, and then she left the room to call in Ingram and her father. All the evening there was a singular look of happiness on her face. When she met Lavender's eyes with hers, there was a frank and friendly look of gratitude ready to reward him. When had he earned so much before by a simple sketch? Many and many a portrait, carefully executed and elaborately framed, had he presented to his lady-friends in London, to receive from them a pretty note and a few words of thanks when next he called. Here, with a rough chalk sketch, he had awakened an amount of gratitude that almost surprised him in the most beautiful and tender soul in the world; and had not this princess among women taken his hand for a moment, as a childlike way of expressing her thanks, while her eyes spoke more than her lips? And the more he looked at those eyes, the more he grew to despair of ever being able to put down the magic of them in lines and colours.

At length Duncan got the boat into the small creek at Callernish; and the party got out on the shore. As they were going up the steep path leading to

the plain above, a young girl met them, who looked at them in rather a strange way. She had a fair, pretty, wondering face, with singularly high eyebrows, and clear, light blue eyes.

"How are you, Eilean?" said Mackenzie, as he passed on with Ingram.

But Sheila, on making the same inquiry, shook hands with the girl, who smiled in a confidential way, and, coming quite close, nodded, and pointed down to the water's edge.

"Have you seen them to-day, Eilean?" said Sheila, still holding the girl by the hands, and looking at the fair, pretty, strange face.

"It was a day before yesterday," she answered, in a whisper, while a pleased smile appeared on her face, "and sey will be here sa night."

"Good-bye, Eilean; take care you don't stay out at night and catch cold, you know," said Sheila; and then, with another little nod and a smile, the young girl went down the path.

"It is Eilean-of-the-Ghosts, as they call her," said Sheila to Lavender as they went on; "the poor thing fancies she sees little people about the rocks, and watches for them. But she is very good and quiet, and she is not afraid of them, and she does no harm to anyone. She does not belong to the Lewis; I think she is from Jura; but she sometimes comes to pay us a visit at Borva, and my papa is very kind to her."

"Mr. Ingram does not appear to know her; I thought he was acquainted with everyone in the island," said Lavender.

"She was not here when he has been in the Lewis before," said Sheila; "but Eilean does not like to speak to strangers, and I do not think you could get her to speak to you if you tried."

Lavender had paid but little attention to the "false men" of Callernish when first he saw them; but now he approached the long lines of big stones up on this lonely plateau with a new interest. For Sheila had talked to him about them many a time in Borva; and had asked his opinion about their origin and their age. Was the central circle of stones an altar, with the other series marking the

approaches to it? Or was it the grave of some great chieftain, with the remaining stones indicating the graves of his relations and friends? Or was it the commemoration of some battle in olden times, or the record of astronomical or geometrical discoveries, or a temple once devoted to serpent-worship, or what? Lavender, who knew absolutely nothing at all about the matter, was probably as well qualified as anybody else to answer those questions; but he forbore. The interest, however, that Sheila showed in such things he very rapidly acquired. When he came to see the rows of stones a second time, he was much impressed by their position on this bit of hill overlooking the sea. He sat down on his camp stool with the determination that, although he could not satisfy Sheila's wistful questions, he would present her with some little sketch of these monuments and their surroundings, which might catch up something of the mysterious loneliness of the scene.

He would not, of course, have the picture as it then presented itself. The sun was glowing on the grass around him, and lighting up the tall grey pillars of stone with a cheerful radiance. Over there the waters of Loch Roag were bright and blue; and beyond the lake the undulations of moorland were green and beautiful, and the mountains in the south grown pale as silver in the heat. Here was a pretty young lady, in a rough blue travelling dress, and a hat and feather, who was engaged in picking up wild flowers from the warm heath. There was a gentleman from the office of the Board of Trade, who was sitting on the grass, nursing his knees, and whistling. From time to time the chief figure in the foreground was an elderly gentleman, who evidently expected that he was going to be put into the picture, and who was occasionally dropping a cautious hint that he did not always wear this rough-and-ready sailor's costume. Mackenzie was also most anxious to point out to the artist the names of the hills and districts lying to the south of Loch Roag; apparently with the hope

that the sketch would have a certain topographical interest for future visitors.

No; Lavender was content at that moment to take down the outlines of the great stones, and the configuration of lake and hill beyond; but, by and by, he would give another sort of atmosphere to this wild scene. He would have rain and darkness spread over the island, with the low hills in the south grown desolate and remote, and the waters of the sea covered with gloom. No human figure should be visible on this remote plain, where these strange memorials had stood for centuries, exposed to western gales, and the stillness of the winter nights, and the awful silence of the stars. Would not Sheila, at least, understand the bleakness and desolation of the picture? Of course her father would like to have everything blue and green. He seemed a little disappointed when it was clear that no distant glimpse of Borva could be introduced into the sketch. But Sheila's imagination would be captured by this sombre picture; and perhaps, by and by, in some other land, amid fairer scenes and in a more generous climate, she might be less inclined to hunger for the dark and melancholy North when she looked on this record of its gloom and its sadness.

"Iss he going to put any people in the pictures?" said Mackenzie, in a confidential whisper to Ingram.

Ingram got up from the grass, and said, with a yawn—

"I don't know. If he does, it will be afterwards. Suppose we go along to the waggonette, and see if Duncan has brought everything up from the boat?"

The old man seemed rather unwilling to be cut out of this particular sketch, but he went, nevertheless; and Sheila, seeing Mr. Lavender left alone, and thinking that not quite fair, went over to him, and asked if she might be permitted to see as much as he had done.

Lavender shut up the book.

"No," he said with a laugh, "you shall see it to-night. I have sufficient memoranda to work something out of it

by and by. Shall we have another look at the circle up there?"

He folded up and shouldered his camp-stool, and they walked to the point at which the long lines of the "mourners" converged. Perhaps he was moved by a great antiquarian curiosity; at all events, he showed a singular interest in the monuments, and talked to his companion about all the possible theories connected with such stones in a fashion that charmed her greatly. She was easily persuaded that the Callernish "Fir-Bhreige" were the most interesting relics in the world. He had seen Stonehenge, but Stonehenge was too scattered to be impressive. There was more mystery about the means by which the inhabitants of a small island could have hewn, and carved, and erected these blocks; there was, moreover, the mystery about the vanished population itself. Yes, he had been to Carnac also. He had driven down from Auray in a rumbling old trap, his coachman being unable to talk French. He had seen the half-cultivated plain on which there were rows and rows of small stones, scarcely to be distinguished from the stone walls of the adjoining farms. What was there impressive about such a sight, when you went into a house and paid a franc to be shown the gold ornaments picked up about the place? Here, however, was a perfect series of those strange memorials, with the long lanes leading up to a circle, and the tallest of all the stones placed on the western side of the circle, perhaps as the head-stone of the buried chief. Look at the position, too—the silent hill, the waters of the sea-loch around it, and beyond that the desolation of miles of untenanted moorland. Sheila seemed pleased that her companion, after coming so far, should have found something worth looking at in the Lewis.

"Does it not seem strange," he said, suddenly, "to think of young folks of the present day picking up wild-flowers from among those old stones?"

He was looking at a tiny bouquet which she had gathered.

"Will you take them?" she said, quite simply and naturally offering him the flowers. "They may remind you some time of Callernish."

He took the flowers, and regarded them for a moment in silence; and then he said, gently—

"I do not think I shall want these to remind me of Callernish. I shall never forget our being here."

At this moment—perhaps fortunately—Duncan appeared, and came along towards the young people with a basket in his hand.

"It wass Mr. Mackenzie will ask if ye will tek a glass o' whiskey, sir, and a bit o' bread and cheese. And he wass sayin there wass no hurry at all, and he will wait for you for two hours, or half an hour whatever."

"All right, Duncan; go back and tell him I have finished, and we shall be there directly. No, thank you, don't take out the whiskey—unless, Miss Mackenzie," added the young man, with a smile, "Duncan can persuade you."

Duncan looked with amazement at the man who dared to joke about Miss Sheila taking whiskey; and, without waiting for any further commands, indignantly shut the lid of the basket, and walked off.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," said Lavender, as they went along the path and down the hill, "I wonder what you would say if I happened to call you Sheila by mistake."

"I should be glad if you did that. Everyone calls me Sheila," said the girl, quietly enough.

"You would not be vexed?" he said, regarding her with a little surprise.

"No, why should I be vexed?" she answered, and she happened to look up, and he saw what a clear light of sincerity there was shining in her eyes.

"May I then call you Sheila?"

"Yes."

"But—but—" he said, with a timidity and embarrassment of which she showed no trace whatever, "but people might think it strange, you know—and yet I should greatly like to call you

Sheila—only, not before other people, perhaps——"

"But why not?" she said, with her eyebrows just raised a little. "Why should you wish to call me Sheila at one time and not at the other? It is no difference whatever—and everyone calls me Sheila."

Lavender was a little disappointed. He had hoped, when she consented in so friendly a manner to his calling her by any name he chose, that he could have established this little arrangement, which would have had about it something of the nature of a personal confidence. Sheila would evidently have none of that. Was it that she was really so simple and frank in her ways that she did not understand why there should be such a difference, and what it might imply; or was she well aware of everything he had been wishing, and able to assume this air of simplicity and ignorance with a perfect grace? Ingram, he reflected, would have said at once that to suspect Sheila of such duplicity was to insult her; but then Ingram was perhaps himself a trifle too easily imposed on, and he had notions about women—despite all his philosophical reading and such like—that a little more mingling in society might have caused him to alter. Frank Lavender confessed to himself that Sheila was either a miracle of disingenuousness or a thorough mistress of the art of assuming it. On the one hand, he considered it almost impossible for a woman to be so disingenuous; on the other hand, how could this girl have taught herself, in the solitude of a savage island, a species of histrionism which women in London circles strove for years to acquire and rarely acquired in any perfection? At all events, he said to himself, while he reserved his opinion on this point, he was not going to call Sheila Sheila before folks who would know what that meant. Mr. Mackenzie was evidently a most irascible old gentleman. Goodness only knew what sort of law prevailed in these wild parts; and to be seized at midnight by a couple of brawny fishermen—to be carried down to a projecting ledge of rock——! Had



not Ingram already hinted that Mackenzie would straightway throw into Loch Roag the man who should offer to carry away Sheila from him?

But how could these doubts of Sheila's sincerity last? He sat opposite her in the waggonette, and the perfect truth of her face, of her frank eyes, and of her ready smile met him at every moment, whether he talked to her, or to Ingram, or listened to old Mackenzie, who turned from time to time from the driving of the horses to inform the stranger of what he saw around him. It was the most brilliant of mornings. The sun burned on the white road, on the green moorland, on the grey-lichened rocks with their crimson patches of heather. As they drove by the curious convolutions of this rugged coast, the sea that lay beyond these recurring bays and points was of a windy green, with here and there a streak of white, and the fresh breeze blowing across to them tempered the fierce heat of the sun. How cool, too, were those little freshwater lakes they passed—the clear blue and white of them stirred into wavelets that moved the reeds and left air-bubbles about the half-submerged stones. Were not these wild geese over there, flapping in the water with their huge wings, and taking no notice of the passing strangers? Lavender had never seen this lonely coast in times of gloom, with those little lakes become sombre pools, and the outline of the rocks beyond lost in the driving mist of the sea and the rain. It was altogether a bright and beautiful world he had got into, and there was in it but one woman, beautiful beyond his dreams. To doubt her, was to doubt all women. When he looked at her he forgot the caution, and distrust, and sardonic self-complacency his southern training had given him. He believed; and the world seemed to be filled with a new light.

"That is Loch-na-muil'ne," Mackenzie was saying, "and it iss the Loch of the Mill; and over there that is Loch-a-Bhaile, and that iss the Loch of the Town; but where iss the loch and the town now? It was many hundreds of

years before there will be numbers of people in this place, and you will come to *Dun Charlobhaidh*, which is a great castle, by and by. And what was it will drive away the people, and leave the land to the moss, but that there was no one to look after them? '*When the natives will leave Islay, farewell to the peace of Scotland*'—that iss a good proverb. And if they have no one to mind them, they will go away altogether. And there is no people more obedient than the people of the Highlands—not anywhere; for you know that we say, '*Is it the truth, as if you were speaking before kings?*' And now there is the castle—and there was many people living here when they could build that."

It was, in truth, one of those circular forts, the date of which has given rise to endless conjecture and discussion. Perched up on a hill, it overlooked a number of deep and narrow valleys, that ran landward; while the other side of the hill sloped down to the sea-shore. It was a striking object, this tumbling mass of dark stones standing high over the green hollows, and over the light plain of the sea. Was there not here material for another sketch for Sheila? While Lavender had gone away over the heights and hollows to choose his point of view, a rough and ready luncheon had been spread out in the waggonette; and when he returned, perspiring and considerably blown, he found old Mackenzie measuring out equal portions of peat-water and whiskey, Duncan flicking the enormous "clegs" from off the horses' necks, Ingram trying to persuade Sheila to have some sherry out of a flask he carried, and everybody in very good spirits over such an exciting event as a roadside luncheon on a summer forenoon.

The King of Borva had by this time become excellent friends with the young stranger who had ventured into his dominions. When the old gentleman had sufficiently impressed on everybody that he had observed all necessary precaution in studying the character and inquiring into the antecedents of Lavender,

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he could not help confessing to a sense of lightness and vivacity that the young man seemed to bring with him and shed around him. Nor was this matter of the sketches the only thing that had particularly recommended Lavender to the old man. Mackenzie had a most distinct dislike to Gaelic songs. He could not bear the monotonous melancholy of them. When Sheila, sitting by herself, would sing these strange old ballads of an evening, he would suddenly enter the room, probably find her eyes filled with tears, and then he would in his inmost heart devote the whole of Gaelic minstrelsy and all its authors to the infernal gods. Why should people be for ever saddening themselves with the stories of other folks' misfortunes? It was bad enough for those poor people; but they had borne their sorrows, and died, and were at peace. Surely it was better that we should have songs about ourselves—drinking or fighting, if you like, to keep up the spirits—to lighten the serious cares of life, and drown for a while the responsibility of looking after a whole population of poor, half-ignorant, unphilosophical creatures.

"Look, now," he would say, speaking of his own tongue, "look at this tattle of a language! It has no present tense to its verbs—the people they are always looking forward to a melancholy future, or looking back to a melancholy past. In the name of Kott, hef we not got ourselves to live? This day we live in is better than any day that wass before or iss to come, bekass it is here, and we are alive. And I will hef no more of these songs about crying, and crying, and crying!"

Now Sheila and Lavender, in their mutual musical confidences, had at an early period discovered that each of them knew something of the older English duets, and forthwith they tried a few of them, to Mackenzie's extreme delight. Here, at last, was a sort of music he could understand—none of your moanings of widows, and cries of luckless girls to the sea—but good common-sense songs, in which the lads kissed the lasses with a will, and had a

good drink afterwards, and a dance on the green on their homeward way. There was fun in those happy May-fields, and good health and briskness in the ale-house choruses, and throughout them all a prevailing cheerfulness and contentment with the conditions of life certain to recommend itself to the contemplative mind. Mackenzie never tired of hearing those simple ditties. He grew confidential with the young man; and told him that those fine, common-sense songs recalled pleasant scenes to him. He himself knew something of English village-life. When he had been up to see the Great Exhibition, he had gone to visit a friend living in Brighton, and he had surveyed the country with an observant eye. He had remarked several village-greens, with the May-poles standing here and there in front of the cottages, emblazoned with beautiful banners. He had, it is true, fancied that the May-pole should be in the centre of the green; but the manner in which the waves of population swept here and there, swallowing up open spaces and so forth, would account to a philosophical person for the fact that the May-poles were now close to the village-shops.

"*Drink to me only with thine eyes,*" hummed the King of Borva to himself, as he sent the two little horses along the coast-road on this warm summer day. He had heard the song for the first time on the previous evening; he had no voice to speak of; he had missed the air, and these were all the words he remembered; but it was a notable compliment all the same to the young man who had brought these pleasant tunes to the island. And so they drove on through the keen salt air, with the sea shining beside them, and the sky shining over them; and in the afternoon they arrived at the small, remote, and solitary inn of Barvas, placed near the confluence of several rivers that flow through Loch Barvas, or Barabhas, to the sea. Here they proposed to stop the night; so Lavender, when his room had been assigned to him, begged to be left alone for an hour or two, that he might throw a little colour into his sketch of Callernish.

What was there to see at Barvas? Why, nothing but the channels of the brown streams, some pasture-land, and a few huts, then the unfrequented lake, and beyond that some ridges of white sand, standing over the shingly beach of the sea. He would join them at dinner. Mackenzie protested in a mild way; he really wanted to see how the island was to be illustrated by the stranger. There was a greater protest, mingled with compassion and regret, in Sheila's eyes; but the young man was firm. So they let him have his way, and gave him full possession of the common sitting-room, while they set off to visit the school, and the Free-Church manse, and what not in the neighbourhood.

Mackenzie had ordered dinner at eight, to show that he was familiar with the ways of civilized life; and when they returned at that hour, Lavender had two sketches finished.

"Yes, they are very good," said Ingram, who was seldom enthusiastic about his friend's work.

But old Mackenzie was so vastly pleased with the picture which represented his native place in the brightest of sunshine and colours, that he forgot to assume a critical air. He said nothing against the rainy and desolate version of the scene that had been given to Sheila; it was good enough to please the child. But here was something brilliant, effective, cheerful; and he alarmed Lavender not a little by proposing to get one of the natives to carry this treasure, then and there, back to Barvabost. Both sketches were ultimately returned to his book; and then Sheila helped him to remove his artistic apparatus from the table on which their plain and homely meal was to be placed. As she was about to follow her father and Ingram, who had left the room, she paused for a moment and said to Lavender, with a look of frank gratitude in her eyes—

"It is very good of you to have pleased my papa so much. I know when he is pleased, though he does not speak of it; and it is not often he will be so much pleased."

"And you, Sheila?" said the young man, unconscious of the familiarity he was using, and only remembering that she had scarcely thanked him for the other sketch.

"Well, there is nothing that will please me so much as to see him pleased," she said, with a smile.

He was about to open the door for her; but he kept his hand on the handle, and said, earnestly enough—

"But that is such a small matter—an hour's work. If you only knew how gladly I would live all my life here if only I could do you some greater service——"

She looked a little surprised, and then, for one brief second, reflected. English was not wholly familiar to her—perhaps she had failed to catch what he really meant. But at all events she said, gravely and simply—

"You would soon tire of living here; it is not always a holiday."

And then, without lifting her eyes to his face, she turned to the door; and he opened it for her, and she was gone.

It was about ten o'clock when they went outside for their evening stroll; and all the world had grown enchanted since they had seen it in the colours of the sunset. There was no night; but a strange clearness over the sky and the earth, and down in the south the moon was rising over the Barvas hills. In the dark green meadows the cattle were still grazing. Voices of children could be heard in the far distance, with the rumble of a cart coming through the silence, and the murmur of the streams flowing down to the loch. The loch itself lay like a line of dusky yellow in a darkened hollow near the sea, having caught on its surface the pale glow of the northern heavens, where the sun had gone down hours before. The air was warm, and yet fresh with the odours of the Atlantic; and there was a scent of Dutch clover coming across from the sandy pastures nearer the coast. The huts of the small hamlet could but faintly be made out beyond the dark and low-lying pastures; but a long, pale line of blue smoke lay in the motionless



air, and the voices of the children told of open doors. Night after night, this same picture, with slight variations of position, had been placed before the stranger who had come to view these solitudes; and night after night it seemed to him to grow more beautiful. He could put down on paper the outlines of an every-day landscape, and give them a dash of brilliant colour to look well on a wall; but how to carry away, except in the memory, any impression of the strange lambent darkness, the tender hues, the loneliness and the pathos of those northern twilights?

They walked down by the side of one of the streams towards the sea. But Sheila was not his companion on this occasion. Her father had laid hold of him, and was expounding to him the rights of capitalists and various other matters. But, by and by, Lavender drew his companion on to talk of Sheila's mother; and here, at least, Mackenzie was neither tedious nor ridiculous, nor unnecessarily garrulous. It was with a strange interest that the young man heard the elderly man talk of his courtship, his marriage, the character of his wife, and her goodness and beauty. Was it not like looking at a former Sheila; and would not this Sheila now walking before him go through the same tender experiences, and be admired, and loved, and petted by everybody as this other girl had been, who brought with her the charm of winning ways and a gentle nature into these rude wilds? It was the first time he had heard Mackenzie speak of his wife, and it turned out to be the last; but from that moment the older man had something of dignity in the eyes of this younger man, who had merely judged of him by his little foibles and eccentricities, and would have been ready to dismiss him contemptuously as a buffoon. There was something, then, behind that powerful face, with its deep-cut lines, its heavy eyebrows, and piercing and sometimes sad eyes, besides a mere liking for tricks of childish diplomacy? Lavender began to have some respect for Sheila's father; and made a resolution to guard against

the impertinence of humouring him too ostentatiously.

Was it not hard, though, that Ingram, who was so cold and unimpressible, who smiled at the notion of marrying, and who was probably enjoying his pipe quite as much as Sheila's familiar talk, should have the girl all to himself on this witching night? They reached the shores of the Atlantic. There was not a breath of wind coming in from the sea; but the air seemed even sweeter and cooler as they sat down on the great bank of shingle. Here and there birds were calling, and Sheila could distinguish each one of them. As the moon rose, a faint golden light began to tremble here and there on the waves, as if some subterranean caverns were lit up and sending to the surface faint and fitful rays of their splendour. Further along the coast the tall banks of sand grew white in the twilight; and the outlines of the dark pasture-land behind grew more distinct.

But when they rose to go back to Barvas, the moonlight had grown full and clear; and the long and narrow loch had a pathway of gold across, stretching from the reeds and sedges of the one side to the reeds and sedges of the other. And now Ingram had gone on to join Mackenzie, and Sheila walked behind with Lavender, and her face was pale and beautiful in the moonlight.

"I shall be very sorry when I have to leave Lewis," he said, as they walked along the path leading through the sand and the clover; and there could be no doubt that he felt the regret expressed in the words.

"But it is no use to speak of leaving us yet," said Sheila, cheerfully; "it is a long time before you will go away from the Lewis."

"And I fancy I shall always think of the island just as it is now—with the moonlight over there, and a loch near, and you walking through the stillness. We have had so many evening walks like this."

"You will make us very vain of our island," said the girl, with a smile, "if you will speak like that always to us,

Is there no moonlight in England? I have pictures of English scenery that will be far more beautiful than any we have here; and if there is the moon here, it will be there too. Think of the pictures of the river Thames that my papa showed you last night——"

"Oh, but there is nothing like this in the South," said the young man, impetuously; "I do not believe there is in the world anything so beautiful as this. Sheila, what would you say if I resolved to come and live here always?"

"I should like that very much—more than you would like it, perhaps," she said, with a bright laugh.

"That would please you better than for you to go always and live in England, would it not?"

"But that is impossible," she said. "My papa would never think of living in England."

For some time after he was silent. The two figures in front of them walked steadily on; an occasional roar of laughter from the deep chest of Mackenzie startling the night air, and telling of Ingram's being in a communicative mood. At last Lavender said—

"It seems to me so great a pity that you should live in this remote place, and have so little amusement and see so few people of tastes and education like your own. Your papa is so much occupied—he is so much older than you, too—that you must be left to yourself so much; whereas, if you had a companion of your own age, who could have the right to talk frankly to you, and go about with you, and take care of you——"

By this time they had reached the little wooden bridge crossing the stream; and Mackenzie and Ingram had got to the inn, where they stood in front of the door in the moonlight. Before ascending the steps of the bridge, Lavender, without pausing in his speech, took Sheila's hand and said suddenly—

"Now don't let me alarm you, Sheila, but suppose at some distant day—as far away as you please—I came and asked you to let me be your companion, then and always, wouldn't you try?"

She looked up with a startled glance of fear in her eyes, and withdrew her hand from him.

"No, don't be frightened," he said, quite gently. "I don't ask you for any promise. Sheila, you must know I love you—you must have seen it. Will you not let me come to you at some future time—a long way off—that you may tell me then? Won't you try to do that?"

There was more in the tone of his voice than in his words. The girl stood irresolute for a second or two, regarding him with a strange, wistful, earnest look; and then a great gentleness came into her eyes, and she put out her hand to him, and said, in a low voice—

"Perhaps!"

But there was something so grave and simple about her manner at this moment that he dared not somehow receive it as a lover receives the first admission of love from the lips of a maiden. There had been something of a strange inquiry in her face as she regarded him for a second or two; and now that her eyes were bent on the ground, it seemed to him that she was trying to realize the full effect of the concession she had made. He would not let her think. He took her hand and raised it respectfully to his lips, and then he led her forward to the bridge. Not a word was spoken between them while they crossed the shining space of moonlight to the shadow of the house; and as they went indoors he caught but one glimpse of her eyes, and they were friendly and kind towards him, but evidently troubled. He saw her no more that night.

So he had asked Sheila to be his wife; and she had given him some timid encouragement as to the future. Many a time, within these last few days, had he sketched out an imaginative picture of the scene. He was familiar with the passionate rapture of lovers on the stage, in books, and in pictures; and he had described himself (to himself) as intoxicated with joy, anxious to let the whole world know of his good fortune, and above all to confide the tidings of

his happiness to his constant friend and companion. But now, as he sat in one corner of the room, he almost feared to be spoken to by the two men who sat at the table with steaming glasses before them. He dared not tell Ingram; he had no wish to tell him, even if he had got him alone. And as he sat there and recalled the incident that had just occurred by the side of the little bridge, he could not wholly understand its meaning. There had been none of the eagerness, the coyness, the tumult of joy he had expected: all he could remember clearly was the long look that the large, earnest, troubled eyes had fixed upon him, while the girl's face, grown pale in the moonlight, seemed somehow ghostlike and strange.

## CHAPTER VII.

## AN INTERMEDDLER.

BUT in the morning all these idle fancies fled with the life and colour and freshness of a new day. Loch Barvas was ruffled into a dark blue by the westerly wind; and doubtless the sea out there was rushing in, green and cold, to the shore. The sunlight was warm about the house. The trout were leaping in the shallow brown streams; and here and there a white butterfly fluttered across the damp meadows. Was not that Duncan down by the river, accompanied by Ingram? There was a glimmer of a rod in the sunshine; the two poachers were after trout for Sheila's breakfast.

Lavender dressed, went outside, and looked about for the nearest way down to the stream. He wished to have a chance of saying a word to his friend before Sheila or her father should appear. And at last he thought he could do no better than go across to the bridge, and so make his way down the banks of the river.

What a fresh morning it was, with all sorts of sweet scents in the air! And here, sure enough, was a pretty picture in the early light—a young girl coming

over the bridge carrying a load of green grass on her back. What would she say if he asked her to stop for a moment that he might sketch her pretty costume? Her head-dress was a scarlet handkerchief, tied behind; she wore a tight-fitting bodice of cream-white flannel, and petticoats of grey flannel; while she had a waist-belt and pouch of brilliant blue. Did she know of these harmonies of colour, or of the picturesqueness of her appearance as she came across the bridge in the sunlight? As she drew near she stared at the stranger with the big, dumb eyes of a wild animal. There was no fear, only a sort of surprised observation in them. And as she passed, she uttered, without a smile, some brief and laconic salutation in Gaelic, which, of course, the young man could not understand. He raised his cap, however, and said "Good morning!" and went on, with a fixed resolve to learn all the Gaelic that Duncan could teach him.

Surely the tall keeper was in excellent spirits this morning. Long before he drew near, Lavender could hear, in the stillness of the morning, that he was telling stories about John the Piper, and of his adventures in such distant parts as Portree, and Oban, and even in Glasgow.

"And it wass Allan McGillivray, of Styornoway," Duncan was saying, as he industriously whipped the shallow runs of the stream, "will go to Glasgow with John; and they went through ta Crinan Canal. Wass you through ta Crinan Canal, sir?"

"Many a time."

"Ay, jist that. And I hef been told it iss like a river with ta sides o' a house to it; and what would Allan care for a thing like that, when he hass been to America more than twice or four times? And it wass when he fell into the canal, he wass ferry nearly trooned for all that; and when they pulled him to ta shore, he wass a ferry angry man. And this iss what John says that Allan will say when he wass on the side of the canal: '*Kott*,' says he, '*if I wass trooned here, I would show my face in Styor-*

noway no more!" But perhaps it iss not true; for he will tell many lies, does John the Piper, to hef a laugh at a man."

"The Crinan Canal is not to be despised, Duncan," said Ingram, who was sitting on the red sand of the bank, "when you are in it."

"And do you know what John says that Allan will say to him the first time they went ashore at Glasgow?"

"I am sure I don't."

"It wass many years ago, before that Allan will be going many times to America, and he will neffer hef seen such fine shops, and ta big houses, and hundreds and hundreds of people, every one with shoes on their feet. And he will say to John, '*John, ef I had known in time, I should hef been born here.*' But no one will believe it iss true; he is such a teflle of a liar, that John; and he will hef some stories about Mr. Mackenzie himself, as I hef been told, that he will tell when he goes to Styornoway. But John is a ferry cunning fellow, and will not tell any such stories in Borva."

"I suppose if he did, Duncan, you would dip him in Loch Roag?"

"Oh, there iss more than one," said Duncan, with a grim twinkle in his eye, "there iss more than one that would hef a joke with him, if he wass to tell stories about Mr. Mackenzie."

Lavender had been standing listening, unknown to both. He now went forward, and bade them good morning; and then, having had a look at the trout that Duncan had caught, pulled Ingram up from the bank, put his arm in his, and walked away with him.

"Ingram," he said, suddenly, with a laugh and a shrug, "you know I always come to you when I'm in a fix."

"I suppose you do," said the other, "and you are always welcome to whatever help I can give you. But sometimes it seems to me you rush into fixes, with the sort of notion that I am responsible for getting you out."

"I can assure you nothing of the kind is the case. I could not be so ungrateful. However—in the meantime—that is—

the fact is, I asked Sheila last night if she would marry me——"

"The devil you did!"

Ingram dropped his companion's arm, and stood looking at him.

"Well, I knew you would be angry," said the younger man, in a tone of apology. "And I know I have been too precipitate; but I thought of the short time we should be remaining here, and of the difficulty of getting an explanation made at another time, and it was really only to give her a hint as to my own feelings that I spoke. I could not bear to wait any longer——"

"Never mind about yourself," said Ingram, somewhat curtly; "what did Sheila say?"

"Well, nothing definite. What could you expect a girl to say after so short an acquaintance? But this I can tell you, that the proposal is not altogether distasteful to her, and that I have her permission to speak of it at some future time, when we have known each other longer."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"You are quite sure?"

"Certain."

"There is no mistake about her silence, for example, that might have led you into misinterpreting her wishes altogether?"

"Nothing of the kind is possible. Of course, I could not ask the girl for any promise, or anything of that sort. All I asked was whether she would allow me at some future time to ask her more definitely; and I am so well satisfied with the reply that I am convinced I shall marry her."

"And is this the fix you wish me to help you out of?" said Ingram, rather coldly.

"Now, Ingram," said the younger man, in penitential tones, "don't cut up rough about it. You know what I mean. Perhaps I have been hasty and inconsiderate about it; but of one thing you may be sure, that Sheila will never have to complain of me if she marries me. You say I don't know her yet?—but there will be plenty of time before

we are married. I don't propose to carry her off to-morrow morning. Now, Ingram, you know what I mean about helping me in the fix—helping me with her father, you know, and with herself, for the matter of that. You can do anything with her, she has such a belief in you. You should hear how she talks of you—you never heard anything like it."

It was an innocent bit of flattery; and Ingram smiled good-naturedly at the boy's ingenuousness. After all, was he not more loveable and more sincere in this little bit of simple craft, used in the piteousness of his appeal, than when he was giving himself the airs of a man about town, and talking of women in a fashion which, to do him justice, expressed nothing of his real sentiments?

Ingram walked on, and said, in his slow and deliberate way—

"You know I opposed this project of yours from the first. I don't think you have acted fairly by Sheila, or her father, or myself, who brought you here. But if Sheila has been drawn into it, why, then, the whole affair is altered, and we've got to make the best of a bad business."

"I was sure you would say that," exclaimed the younger man, with a brighter light appearing on his face. "You may call me all the hard names you like; I deserve them all, and more. But then, as you say, since Sheila is in it, you'll do your best, won't you?"

Frank Lavender could not make out why the taciturn and sallow-faced man walking beside him seemed to be greatly amused by this speech; but he was in no humour to take offence. He knew that, once Ingram had promised him his help, he would not lack all the advocacy, the advice, and even the money—should that become necessary—that a warm-hearted and disinterested friend could offer. Many and many a time Ingram had helped him; and now he was to come to his assistance in the most serious crisis of his life. Ingram would remove Sheila's doubts. Ingram would persuade old Mackenzie that girls had to get married some time or other, and that

Sheila ought to live in London. Ingram would be commissioned to break the news to Mrs. Lavender—but here, when the young man thought of the interview with his aunt which he would have to encounter, a cold shiver passed through his frame. He would not think of it. He would enjoy the present hour. Difficulties only grew the bigger the more they were looked at; when they were left to themselves, they frequently disappeared. It was another proof of Ingram's kindness that he had not even mentioned the old lady down in Kensington who was likely to have something to say about this marriage.

"There are a great many difficulties in the way," said Ingram, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Lavender, with much eagerness; "but then, look. You may be sure that if we get over these, Sheila will know well who managed it, and she will not be ungrateful to you, I think. If we ever should be married, I am certain she will always look on you as her greatest friend."

"It is a big bribe," said the elder man, perhaps a trifle sadly; and Lavender looked at him with some vague return of a suspicion that some time or other Ingram must himself have been in love with Sheila.

They returned to the inn, where they found Mackenzie busy with a heap of letters and newspapers that had been sent across to him from Stornoway. The whole of the breakfast table was littered with wrappers and big blue envelopes: where was Sheila, who usually waited on her father at such times to keep his affairs in order?

Sheila was outside; and Lavender saw her through the open window. Was she not waiting for him, that she should pace up and down by herself, with her face turned away from the house? He immediately went out, and went over to her, and she turned to him as he approached. He fancied she looked a trifle pale, and far less bright and joyous than the ordinary Sheila.

"Mr. Lavender," she said, walking away from the house, "I wish very much to speak to you for a moment. Last



night—it was all a misfortune that I did not understand—and I wish you to forget that a word was ever spoken about that.”

Her head was bent down, and her speech was low and broken; what she failed to explain in words, her manner explained for her. But her companion said to her, with alarm and surprise in his tone—

“Why, Sheila? You cannot be so cruel. Surely you need not fear any embarrassment through so slight a promise. It pledges you to nothing—it leaves you quite free—and some day, if I come and ask you then a question I have not asked you yet—that will be time enough to give me an answer.”

“Oh, no, no!” said the girl, obviously in great distress. “I cannot do that. It is unjust to you to let you think of it and hope about it. It was last night everything was strange to me—I did not understand then—but I have thought about it all the night through, and now I know.”

“Sheila!” called her father from the inside of the inn; and she turned to go.

“But you do not ask that, do you?” he said. “You are only frightened a little bit just now; but that will go away. There is nothing to be frightened about. You have been thinking over it, and imagining impossible things—you have been thinking of leaving Borva altogether—”

“Oh, that I can never do!” she said, with a pathetic earnestness.

“But why think of such a thing?” he said. “You need not look at all the possible troubles of life when you take such a simple step as this. Sheila, don’t be hasty in any such resolve; you may be sure all the gloomy things you have been thinking of will disappear when we get close to them. And this is such a simple thing. I don’t ask you to say you will be my wife—I have no right to ask you yet; but I have only asked permission of you to let me think of it, and even Mr. Ingram sees no great harm in that—”

“Does *he* know?” she said, with a start of surprise and fear.

“Yes,” said Lavender, wishing he had bitten his tongue in two before he had uttered the word. “You know we have no secrets from each other: and to whom could I go for advice but to your oldest friend?”

“And what did he say?” she asked, with a strange look in her eyes.

“Well, he sees a great many difficulties; but he thinks they will easily be got over.”

“Then,” she said, with her eyes again cast down, and a certain sadness in her tone, “I must explain to him too, and tell him I had no understanding of what I said last night.”

“Sheila, you won’t do that!” urged the young man. “It means nothing—it pledges you to nothing—”

“Sheila! Sheila!” cried her father, cheerily, from the window, “come in and let us *hef* our breakfast.”

“Yes, papa,” said the girl; and she went into the house, followed by her companion.

But how could she find an opportunity of making this explanation? Shortly after breakfast, the waggonette was at the door of the little Barvas inn, and Sheila came out of the house, and took her place in it, with an unusual quietness of manner and hopelessness of look. Ingram, sitting opposite to her, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, fancied that this was but an expression of girlish timidity; and that it was his business to interest her and amuse her, until she should forget the strangeness and newness of her position. Nay, as he had resolved to make the best of matters as they stood, and as he believed that Sheila had half-confessed to a special liking for his friend from the South, what more fitting thing could he do than endeavour to place Lavender in the most favourable light in her eyes? He began to talk of all the brilliant and successful things the young man had done, as fully as he could before himself. He contrived to introduce pretty anecdotes of Lavender’s generosity; and there were plenty of these, for the young fellow had never a thought of consequences if he was touched by a

tale of distress and if he could help the sufferer either with his own or anyone else's money. Ingram talked of all their excursions together, in Devonshire, in Brittany, and elsewhere, to impress on Sheila how well he knew his friend, and how long their intimacy had lasted. At first the girl was singularly reserved and silent; but somehow, as pleasant recollections were multiplied, and as Lavender seemed to have been always the associate and companion of this old friend of hers, some brighter expression came into her face and she grew more interested. Lavender, not knowing whether or not to take her decision of that morning as final, and not wholly perceiving the aim of this kindly chat on the part of his friend, began to see at least that Sheila was pleased to hear the two men help out each other's stories about their pedestrian excursions, and that she at last grew bold enough to look up and meet his eyes in a timid fashion when she asked him a question.

So they drove along by the side of the sea, the level and well-made road leading them through miles and miles of rough moorland, with here and there a few huts or a sheep-fold to break the monotony of the undulating sky-line. Here and there, too, there were great cuttings of the peat-moss, with a thin line of water in the foot of the deep black trenches. Sometimes, again, they would escape altogether from any traces of human habitation; and Duncan would grow excited in pointing out to Miss Sheila the young grouse that had run off the road into the heather, where they stood and eyed the passing carriage with anything but a frightened air. And while Mackenzie hummed something resembling, but very vaguely resembling, "Love in thine eyes for ever plays," and while Ingram, in his quiet, desultory, and often sardonic fashion, amused the young girl with stories of her lover's bravery, and kindness, and dare-devil escapades, the merry trot of the horses beat time to the bells on their necks, the fresh west wind blew a cloud of white dust away over the moorland behind them, there was a blue sky

shining all around them, and the blue Atlantic basking in the light.

They stopped for a few minutes at both the hamlets of Suainabost and Tabost to allow Sheila to pay a hurried visit to one or two of the huts, while Mackenzie, laying hold of some of the fishermen he knew, got them to show Lavender the curing-houses, in which the young gentleman professed himself profoundly interested. They also visited the school-house; and Lavender found himself beginning to look upon a two-storeyed building with windows as something imposing, and a decided triumph of human skill and enterprise. But what was the school-house of Tabost to the grand building at the Butt? They had driven away from the high road by a path leading through long and sweet-smelling pastures of Dutch clover. They had got up from these sandy swathes to a table-land of rock; and here and there they caught glimpses of fearful precipices leading sheer down to the boiling and dashing sea. The curious contortions of the rocks—the sharp needles of them springing in isolated pillars from out of the water—the roar of the eddying currents that swept through the chasms and dashed against the iron-bound shore—the wild sea-birds that flew about and screamed over the rushing waves and the surge, naturally enough drew the attention of the strangers altogether away from the land; and it was with a start of surprise they found themselves before an immense mass of yellow stone-work—walls, house, and tower—that shone in the sunlight. And here were the lighthouse-keeper and his wife, delighted to see strange faces, and most hospitably inclined; insomuch that Lavender, who cared little for luncheon at any time, was constrained to take as much bread, and cheese, and butter, and whiskey as would have made a ploughman's dinner. It was a strange sort of meal this, away out at the end of the world, as it were. The snug little room might have been in the Marylebone-road; there were photographs about, a gay label on the whiskey-bottle, and other signs of an advanced civilization; but outside



nothing but the wild precipices of the coast—a surging sea that seemed almost to surround the place—the wild screaming of the sea-birds, and a single ship appearing like a speck on the northern horizon.

They had not noticed the wind much as they drove along; but now, when they went out on to the high table-land of rock, it seemed to be blowing half a gale across the sea. The sunlight sparkled on the glass of the lighthouse, and the great yellow shaft of stone stretched away upward into a perfect blue. As clear a blue lay far beneath them, when the sea came rushing in among the lofty crags and sharp pinnacles of rock, bursting into foam at their feet, and sending long jets of white spray up into the air. In front of the great wall of rock, the sea-birds wheeled and screamed; and on the points of some of the islands stood several scarts, motionless figures of jet black on the soft brown and green of the rock. And what was this island they looked down upon from over one of the bays? Surely a mighty reproduction by Nature herself of the Sphinx of the Egyptian plains. Could anything have been more striking, and unexpected, and impressive than the sudden discovery of this great mass of rock resting in the wild sea, its hooded head turned away towards the north and hidden from the spectator on land, its gigantic bulk surrounded by a foam of breakers? Lavender, with his teeth set hard against the wind, must needs take down the outlines of this strange scene upon paper; while Sheila crouched into her father's side for shelter, and Ingram was chiefly engaged in holding on to his cap.

"It blows here a bit," said Lavender, amid the roar of the waves. "I suppose in the winter time the sea will sometimes break across this place?"

"Ay, and over the top of the lighthouse, too," said Mackenzie, with a laugh, as though he was rather proud of the way his native seas behaved.

"Sheila," said Ingram, "I never saw you take refuge from the wind before."

"It is because we will be standing

still," said the girl, with a smile which was scarcely visible, because she had half hidden her face in her father's great grey beard. "But when Mr. Lavender is finished, we will go down to the great hole in the rocks that you will have seen before, and perhaps he will make a picture of that too."

"You don't mean to say you would go down there, Sheila," said Ingram, "and in this wind?"

"I hef been down many times before."

"Indeed, you will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father; "you will go back to the lighthouse, if you like—yes, you may do that; and I will go down the rocks with Mr. Lavender; but it iss not for a young lady to go about among the rocks, like a fisherman's lad that wants the bird's eggs, or such nonsense."

It was quite evident that Mackenzie had very little fear of his daughter not being able to accomplish the descent of the rocks safely enough; it was merely a matter of dignity; and so Sheila was at length persuaded to go across the plain to a sheltered place to wait there until the others should clamber down to the great and naturally-formed tunnel through the rocks that the artist was to sketch.

Lavender was ill at ease. He followed his guide mechanically as they made their way, in zigzag fashion, down the precipitous slopes and over slippery plateaus; and when at last he came in sight of the mighty arch, the long cavern, and the glimmer of sea and shore that could be seen through it, he began to put down the outlines of the picture as rapidly as possible, but with little interest in the matter. Ingram was sitting on the bare rocks beside him; Mackenzie was some distance off: should he tell his friend of what Sheila had said in the morning? Strict honesty, perhaps, demanded as much; but the temptation to say nothing was great. For it was evident that Ingram was now well inclined to the project, and would do his best to help it on; whereas, if once he knew that Sheila had resolved against it, he too might take some

sudden step—such as insisting on their immediate return to the mainland—which would settle the matter for ever. Sheila had said she would herself make the necessary explanation to Ingram, but she had not done so; perhaps she might lack the courage or an opportunity to do so; and in the meantime was not the interval altogether favourable to his chances? Doubtless she was a little frightened at first. She would soon get less timid; and would relent, and revoke her decision of the morning. He would not, at present at any rate, say anything to Ingram.

But when they had got up again to the summit of the rocks, an incident occurred that considerably startled him out of these vague and anxious speculations. He walked straight over to the sheltered spot in which Sheila was waiting. The rushing of the wind doubtless drowned the sound of his footsteps, so that he came on her unawares; and on seeing him she rose suddenly from the rock on which she had been sitting, with some effort to hide her face away from him. But he had caught a glimpse of something in her eyes that filled him with remorse.

"Sheila," he said, going forward to her, "what is the matter? What are you unhappy about?"

She could not answer; she held her face turned from him, and cast down; and then, seeing her father and Ingram in the distance, she set out to follow them to the lighthouse, Lavender walking by her side, and wondering how he could deal with the distress that was only too clearly written on her face.

"I know it is I who have grieved you," he said, in a low voice, "and I am very sorry. But if you will tell me what I can do to remove this unhappiness, I will do it now. Shall I consider our talking together of last night as if it had not taken place at all?"

"Yes," she said, in as low a voice, but clear, and sad, and determined in its tone.

"And I shall speak no more to you about this affair until I go away altogether?"

And again she signified her assent, gravely and firmly.

"And then," he said, "you will soon forget all about it; for, of course, I shall never come back to Lewis again."

"Never?"

The word had escaped her unwillingly, and it was accompanied by a quick upturning of the face and a frightened look in the beautiful eyes.

"Do you wish me to come back?" he said.

"I should not wish you to go away from the Lewis, through any fault of mine, and say that we should never see you again," said the girl, in measured tones, as if she were nerving herself to make the admission, and yet fearful of saying too much.

By this time Mackenzie and Ingram had gone round the big wall of the lighthouse; there were no human beings on this lonely bit of heath but themselves. Lavender stopped her, and took her hand, and said—

"Don't you see, Sheila, how I must never come back to Lewis, if all this is to be forgotten? And all I want you to say is that I may come some day to see if you can make up your mind to be my wife. I don't ask that yet—it is out of the question, seeing how short a time you have known anything about me—and I cannot expect you to trust me as I can trust you. It is a very little thing I ask—only to give me a chance at some future time, and then, if you don't care for me sufficiently to marry me, or if anything stands in the way, all you need do is to send me a single word, and that will suffice. This is no terrible thing that I beg from you, Sheila. You needn't be afraid of it."

But she was afraid; there was nothing but fear, and doubt, and grief in her eyes, as she gazed into the unknown world laid open before her.

"Can't you ask some one to tell you that it is nothing dreadful—Mr. Ingram, for example?"

"I could not."

"Your papa, then," he said, driven to this desperate resource by his anxiety to save her from pain.

"Not yet—not just yet," she said, almost wildly, "for how could I explain to him? He would ask me what my wishes were: what could I say? I do not know. I cannot tell myself; and—and—I have no mother to ask:" and here all the strain of self-control gave way, and the girl burst into tears.

"Sheila, dear Sheila," he said, "why won't you trust your own heart, and let that be your guide? Won't you say this one word—*yes*—and tell me that I am to come back to Lewis some day, and ask to see you, and get a message from one look of your eyes? Sheila, may I not come back?"

If there was a reply, it was so low that he scarcely heard it; but somehow—whether from the small hand that lay in his, or from the eyes that sent one brief message of trust and hope through their tears—his question was answered; and from that moment he felt no more misgivings, but let his love for Sheila spread out and blossom in whatever light of fancy and imagination he could bring to bear on it, careless of any future.

How the young fellow laughed and joked, as the party drove away again from the Butt, down the long coast-road to Barvas! He was tenderly respectful, and a little moderate in tone, when he addressed Sheila; but with the others he gave way to a wild exuberance of spirits, that delighted Mackenzie beyond measure. He told stories of the odd old gentlemen of his club, of their opinions, their ways, their dress. He sung the song of the "Arethusa," and the wilds of Lewis echoed with a chorus which was not just as harmonious as it might have been. He sung the "Jug of Punch," and Mackenzie said that was "a tittle of a good song." He gave imitations of some of Ingram's companions at the Board of Trade; and showed Sheila what the inside of a Government Office was like. He paid Mackenzie the compliment of asking him for a drop of something out of his flask; and in return he insisted on the King smoking a cigar—which, in point of age, and sweetness, and fragrance,

was really the sort of cigar you would naturally give to the man whose daughter you wanted to marry.

Ingram understood all this; and was pleased to see the happy look that Sheila wore. He talked to her with even a greater assumption than usual of fatherly fondness; and if she was a little shy, was it not because she was conscious of so great a secret? He was even unusually complaisant to Lavender, and lost no opportunity of paying him indirect compliments that Sheila could overhear.

"You poor young things!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "you've got all your troubles before you; but in the meantime you may make yourselves as happy as you can!"

Was the weather at last about to break? As the afternoon wore on, the heavens became overcast, for the wind had gone back from the course of the sun, and had brought up great masses of cloud from the rainy south-west.

"Are we going to have a storm?" said Lavender, looking along the southern sky, where the Barvas hills were momentarily growing blacker under the gathering darkness overhead.

"A storm?" said Mackenzie, whose notions on what constituted a storm were probably different from those of his guest. "No—there will be no storm. But it is no bad thing if we get back to Barvas very soon."

Duncan sent the horses on, and Ingram looked out Sheila's waterproof and the rugs. The southern sky certainly looked ominous. There was a strange intensity of colour in the dark landscape, from the deep purple of the Barvas hills, coming forward to the deep green of the pasture-land around them, and the rich reds and browns of the heath and the peat-cuttings. At one point of the clouded and hurrying sky, however, there was a soft and vaporous line of yellow in the grey; and, under that, miles away in the west, a great dash of silver light struck upon the sea, and glowed there so that the eye could scarcely bear it. Was it the damp that brought the perfumes of the moorland

so distinctly towards them—the bog-myrtle, the water-mint, and wild thyme? There were no birds to be heard. The crimson masses of heather on the grey rocks seemed to have grown richer and deeper in colour; and the Barvas hills had become large and weird in the gloom.

"Are you afraid of thunder?" said Lavender to Sheila.

"No," said the girl, looking frankly towards him with her glad eyes, as though he had pleased her by asking that not very striking question. And then she looked round at the sea and the sky in the south, and said, quietly, "But there will be no thunder; it is too much wind."

Ingram, with a smile which he could scarcely conceal, hereupon remarked—

"You're sorry, Lavender, I know. Wouldn't you like to shelter somebody in danger, or attempt a rescue, or do something heroic?"

"And Mr. Lavender would do that, if there was any need," said the girl, bravely; "and then it would be nothing to laugh at."

"Sheila, you bad girl, how dare you talk like that to me!" said Ingram; and he put his arm within hers, and said he would tell her a story.

But this race to escape the storm was needless; for they were just getting within sight of Barvas, when a surprising change came over the dark and thunderous afternoon. The hurrying masses of cloud in the west parted for a little space, and there was a sudden and fitful glimmer of a stormy blue sky. Then a strange, soft, yellow, and vaporous light shot across the Barvas hills, and touched up palely the great slopes, rendering them distant, ethereal, and cloud-like. Then a shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the landscape beside them. The cattle shone red in the brilliant green pastures. The grey rocks glowed in their setting of moss. The stream going by Barvas Inn was a streak of gold in its sandy bed. And then the sky above them broke into great billows of cloud—tempestuous and rounded masses of golden vapour that burned with the wild glare of the sun-

set. The clear spaces in the sky widened, and from time to time the wind sent ragged bits of yellow cloud across the shining blue. All the world seemed to be on fire; and the very smoke of it—the majestic masses of vapour that rolled by overhead—burned with a bewildering glare. Then, as the wind still blew hard, and kept veering round again to the north-west, the fiercely-lit clouds were driven over one by one, leaving a pale and serene sky to look down on the sinking sun and the sea. The Atlantic caught the yellow glow on its tumbling waves, and a deeper colour stole across the slopes and peaks of the Barvas hills. Whither had gone the storm? There were still some banks of clouds away up in the north-east; and in the clear green of the evening sky, they had their distant greys and purples faintly tinged with rose.

"And so you are anxious, and frightened, and a little pleased," said Ingram to Sheila that evening, after he had frankly told her what he knew, and invited her further confidence. "That is all I can gather from you; but it is enough. Now you can leave the rest to me."

"To you?" said the girl, with a blush of pleasure and surprise.

"Yes. I like new experiences. I am going to become an intermeddler now. I am going to arrange this affair, and become the negotiator between all the parties; and then, when I have secured the happiness of the whole of you, you will all set upon me and beat me with sticks, and thrust me out of your houses."

"I do not think," said Sheila, looking down, "that you have much fear of that, Mr. Ingram."

"Is the world going to alter because of me?"

"I would rather not have you try to do anything that is likely to get you into unhappiness," she said.

"Oh, but that is absurd. You timid young folks can't act for yourselves. You want agents and instruments that have got hardened by use. Fancy the condition of our ancestors, you know,

before they had the sense to invent steel claws to tear their food in pieces—what could they do with their fingers? I am going to be your knife and fork, Sheila; and you'll see what I shall carve out for you. All you've got to do is to keep your spirits up, and believe that nothing dreadful is going to take place merely because some day you will be asked to marry. You let things take their ordinary course. Keep your spirits up—don't neglect your music, or your dinner, or your poor people down in Borvabost—and you'll see it will all come right enough. In a year or two, or less than that, you will marry contentedly and happily, and your papa will drink a good glass of whiskey at the wedding, and make jokes about it, and everything will be as right as the mail. That's my advice,—see you attend to it."

"You are very kind to me," said the girl, in a low voice.

"But if you begin to cry, Sheila, then I throw up my duties—do you hear? Now look—there goes Mr. Lavender down to the boat with a bundle of rugs; and I suppose you mean me to imperil my precious life by sailing about these rocky channels in the moonlight? Come along down to the shore; and mind you please your papa by singing 'Love in thine eyes,' with Mr. Lavender. And if you would add to that, 'The Minute Gun at Sea,'—why, you know, I may as well have my little rewards for intermeddling now, as I shall have to suffer afterwards."

"Not through me," said Sheila, in rather an uncertain voice: and then they went down to the *Maighdean-mhara*.

*To be continued.*

## NIAGARA.<sup>1</sup>

It is one of the disadvantages of reading books about natural scenery that they fill the mind with pictures, often exaggerated, often distorted, often blurred, and, even when well drawn, injurious to the freshness of first impressions. Such has been the fate of most of us with regard to the Falls of Niagara. There was little accuracy in the estimates of the first observers of the cataract. Startled by an exhibition of power so novel and so grand, emotion leaped beyond the control of the judgment, and gave currency to notions regarding the waterfall which have often led to disappointment.

A record of a voyage in 1535 by a French mariner named Jacques Cartier, contains, it is said, the first printed allusion to Niagara. In 1603 the first map of the district was constructed by a Frenchman named Champlain. In 1648 the Jesuit Rageneau, in a letter to his superior at Paris, mentions Niagara as "a cataract of frightful height."<sup>2</sup> In the winter of 1678 and 1679 the cataract was visited by Father Hennepin, and described in a book dedicated "to the King of Great Britain." He gives a drawing of the waterfall, which shows that serious changes have taken place since his time. He describes it as "a great and prodigious cadence of water, to which the universe does not offer a parallel." The height of the fall, according to Hennepin, was more than 600 feet. "The waters," he says, "which fall from this great precipice do foam and boil in the most astonishing manner, making a noise more terrible

than that of thunder. When the wind blows to the south, its frightful roaring may be heard for more than fifteen leagues." The Baron la Hontan, who visited Niagara in 1687, makes the height 800 feet. In 1721 Charlevoix, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, after referring to the exaggerations of his predecessors, thus states the result of his own observations:—"For my part, after examining it on all sides, I am inclined to think that we cannot allow it less than 140 or 150 feet,"—a remarkably close estimate. At that time, viz a hundred and fifty years ago, it had the shape of a horse-shoe, and reasons will subsequently be given for holding that this has been always the form of the cataract from its origin to its present site.

As regards the noise of the cataract, Charlevoix declares the accounts of his predecessors, which, I may say, are repeated to the present hour, to be altogether extravagant. He is perfectly right. The thunders of Niagara are formidable enough to those who really seek them at the base of the Horseshoe Fall; but on the banks of the river, and particularly above the fall, its silence, rather than its noise, is surprising. This arises, in part, from the lack of resonance, the surrounding country being flat, and therefore furnishing no echoing surfaces to reinforce the shock of the water. The resonance from the surrounding rocks causes the Swiss Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, when full, to thunder more loudly than the Niagara.

On Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught, from the railway train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned

<sup>1</sup> A Discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday, 4th April, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> From an interesting little book presented to me at Brooklyn by its author, Mr. Holly, some of these data are derived: Hennepin, Kalm, Bakewell, Lyell, Hall and others, I have myself consulted.



down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasping a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel spanned by the wooden bridge was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horseshoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horseshoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands

a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horseshoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter colour. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striæ.<sup>1</sup> Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rhythm, the water reaching the bottom of the Fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horseshoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horseshoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticised

<sup>1</sup> The direction of the wind with reference to the course of a ship may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to accept them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

"That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields  
To her true lovers."

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavour to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was

right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far towards the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was

not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders towards the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upwards; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at

a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upwards over the guide's shoulder, I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara river.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped healthily through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value,

and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterwards roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached

the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture.

Still even this Fall is exciting to some nerves. Its effect upon himself is thus vividly described by Mr. Bakewell, jun.: "On turning a sharp angle of the rock, a sudden gust of wind met us, coming from the hollow between the Falls and the rock, which drove the spray directly in our faces with such force that in an instant we were wet through. When in the midst of this shower-bath, the shock took away my breath; I turned back and scrambled over the loose stones to escape the conflict. The guide soon followed, and told me that I had passed the worst part. With that assurance I made a second attempt; but so wild and disordered was my imagination that when I had reached halfway I could bear it no longer."<sup>1</sup>

To complete my knowledge it was necessary to see the Fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who would do anything with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came.

<sup>1</sup> "Mag. of Nat. Hist." 1830, pp. 121, 122.

His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in amid the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outwards*, not *downwards*. The struggle, however, to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them, was often very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared and yielded noble views of the Fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it and bursts from it in huge protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it; the boulders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, was here in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the older one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the boulders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length, seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the boulders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so

violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbour the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the Fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

From a point a little way below the American Fall, a ferry crosses the river in summer to the Canadian side. Below the ferry is a suspension bridge for carriages and foot-passengers, and a mile or two lower down is the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and the latter the river Niagara flows unruffled; but at the suspension bridge the bed steepens and the river quickens its motion. Lower down the gorge narrows and the rapidity and turbulence increase. At the place called the "Whirlpool Rapids," I estimated the width of the river at 300 feet, an estimate confirmed by the dwellers on the spot. When it is remembered that the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed into this space, the impetuosity of the river's escape through this gorge may be imagined. Had it not been for Mr. Bierstädt, the distinguished photographer of Niagara, I should have quitted the place without seeing these rapids; for this, and for his agreeable company to the spot, I have to thank him. From the edge of the cliff above the rapids, we descended, a little I confess to a climber's disgust, in an "elevator," because the effects are best seen from the water level.



Two kinds of motion are here obviously active, a motion of translation and a motion of undulation—the race of the river through its gorge, and the great waves generated by its collision with, and rebound from, the obstacles in its way. In the middle of the river the rush and tossing are most violent; at all events, the impetuous force of the individual waves is here most strikingly displayed. Vast pyramidal heaps leap incessantly from the river, some of them with such energy as to jerk their summits into the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid spheres. The sun shone for a few minutes. At times the wind coming up the river searched and sifted the spray, carrying away the lighter drops and leaving the heavier ones behind. Wafted in the proper direction, rainbows appeared and disappeared fitfully in the lighter mist. In other directions the common gleam of the sunshine from the waves and their shattered crests was exquisitely beautiful. The complexity of the action was still further illustrated by the fact that in some cases, as if by the exercise of a local explosive force, the drops were shot radially from a particular centre, forming around it a kind of halo.

The first impression, and, indeed, the current explanation of these Rapids is, that the central bed of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing, and wild leaping of the water there are due to its impact against these obstacles. I doubt this explanation; at all events there is another sufficient reason to be taken into account. Boulders derived from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the *sides* of the river. Against these the water rises and sinks rhythmically but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the generation of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion with the river motion. The ridges, which in still water would proceed in circular curves round the centre of disturbance, cross the river obliquely, and the result is that at the centre waves commingle

which have really been generated at the sides. In the first instance we had a composition of wave motion with river motion; here we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other, the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a greater depth; and where crest and crest aid each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests, and tosses them shattered into the air. From the water level the cause of the action is not so easily seen; but from the summit of the cliff the lateral generation of the waves and their propagation to the centre are perfectly obvious. If this explanation be correct, the phenomena observed at the Whirlpool Rapids form one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of *interference*. The Nile "cataract," Mr. Huxley informs me, offers examples of the same action.

At some distance below the Whirlpool Rapids we have the celebrated whirlpool itself. Here the river makes a sudden bend to the north-east, forming nearly a right angle with its previous direction. The water strikes the concave bank with great force, and scoops it incessantly away. A vast basin has been thus formed, in which the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyratory currents. Bodies and trees which have come over the falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough; and though you imagine the outlet must be visible, if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the north-east, the outlet comes into view.

The Niagara season had ended; the chatter of sightseers had ceased, and the scene presented itself as one of holy seclusion and beauty. I went down to the river's edge, where the weird loneliness and loveliness seemed to increase. The basin is enclosed by high and almost precipitous banks—covered, when I



was there, with russet woods. A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due perhaps to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves, no ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool.

The green colour is, I think, correctly accounted for in "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked properly down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue; at the most a hint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically *black*, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases, the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure, *all* the colours are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity.

Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and, before it disappears, it reaches a vivid blue green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to

remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you. You rise in the morning and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the bank of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross. Such a case occurred towards the close of my visit to Niagara. There had been rain and storm in the upper-lake regions, and the quantity of suspended matter brought down quite extinguished the fascinating green of the Horseshoe.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favourable to the exhibition of the colour. As long as a wave remains unbroken no colour appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless colour. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light, and materially enhances its beauty.

We have now to consider the genesis and proximate destiny of the Falls of Niagara. We may open our way to this subject by a few preliminary remarks upon erosion. Time and intensity are the main factors of geologic change, and they are in a certain sense convertible. A feeble force acting through long periods, and an intense force acting through short ones, may produce ap-

proximately the same results. To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some samples of stones, the first examples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, near Wellington, in New Zealand. They have been described by Mr. Travers in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Unacquainted with their origin, you would certainly ascribe their forms to human workmanship. They resemble flint knives and spear-heads, being apparently chiseled off into facets with as much attention to symmetry as if a tool guided by human intelligence had passed over them. But no human instrument has been brought to bear upon these stones. They have been wrought into their present shape by the wind-blown sand of Lyell's Bay. Two winds are dominant here, and they in succession urged the sand against opposite sides of the stone; every little particle of sand chipped away its infinitesimal bit of stone, and in the end sculptured these singular forms.<sup>1</sup>

The Sphinx of Egypt is nearly covered up by the sand of the desert. The neck of the Sphinx is partly cut across, not, as I am assured by Mr. Huxley, by ordinary weathering,

<sup>1</sup> "The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half an inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, &c., and all with sharp cutting edges.

"Mr. Travers explained that, notwithstanding their artificial appearance, these stones were formed by the cutting action of the wind-driven sand as it passed to and fro over an exposed boulder-bank. He gave a minute account of the manner in which the varieties of form are produced, and referred to the effect which the erosive action thus indicated would have on railway and other works executed on sandy tracts.

"Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'—*Extracted from the Minutes of the Wellington Philosophical Society, Feb. 9, 1869.*

but by the eroding action of the fine sand blown against it. In these cases nature furnishes us with hints which may be taken advantage of in art; and this action of sand has been recently turned to extraordinary account in the United States. When in Boston, I was taken by Mr. Josiah Quincey to see the action of the *sand-blast*. A kind of hopper containing fine silicious sand was connected with a reservoir of compressed air, the pressure being variable at pleasure. The hopper ended in a long slit, from which the sand was blown. A plate of glass was placed beneath this slit, and caused to pass slowly under it; it came out perfectly depolished, with a bright opalescent glimmer, such as could only be produced by the most careful grinding. Every little particle of sand urged against the glass, having all its energy concentrated on the point of impact, formed there a little pit, the depolished surface consisting of innumerable hollows of this description. But this was not all. By protecting certain portions of the surface and exposing others, figures and tracery of any required form could be etched upon the glass. The figures of open iron-work could be thus copied; while wire gauze placed over the glass produced a reticulated pattern. But it required no such resisting substance as iron to shelter the glass. The patterns of the finest lace could be thus reproduced; the delicate filaments of the lace itself offering a sufficient protection.

All these effects have been obtained with a simple model of the sand-blast devised for me by my assistant. A fraction of a minute suffices to etch upon glass a rich and beautiful lace pattern. Any yielding substance may be employed to protect the glass. By immediately diffusing the shock of the particle, such substances practically destroy the local erosive power. The hand can bear without inconvenience a sand-shower which would pulverize glass. Etchings executed on glass with suitable kinds of ink are accurately worked out by the sand-blast. In fact, within certain limits, the harder the

surface, the greater is the concentration of the shock, and the more effectual is the erosion. It is not necessary that the sand should be the harder substance of the two; corundum, for example, is much harder than quartz; still, quartz-sand can not only depolish, but actually blow a hole through a plate of corundum. Nay, glass may be depolished by the impact of fine shot; the grains in this case bruising the glass before they have time to flatten and turn their energy into heat.

And here, in passing, we may tie together one or two apparently unrelated facts. Supposing you turn on, at the lower part of a house, a cock which is fed by a pipe from a cistern at the top of the house, the column of water, from the cistern downwards, is set in motion. By turning off the cock, this motion is stopped; and when the turning off is very sudden, the pipe, if not strong, may be burst by the internal impact of the water. By distributing the turning of the cock over half a second of time, the shock and danger of rupture may be entirely avoided. We have here an example of the concentration of energy in *time*. The sand-blast illustrates the concentration of energy in *space*. The action of flint and steel is an illustration of the same principle. The heat required to generate the spark is intense, and the mechanical action being moderate, must, to produce fire, be in the highest degree concentrated. This concentration is secured by the collision of hard substances. Calc-spar will not supply the place of flint, nor lead the place of steel in the production of fire by collision. With the softer substances, the *total* heat produced may be greater than with the hard ones; but to produce the spark, the heat must be intensely *localized*.

But we can go far beyond the mere depolishing of glass; indeed, I have already said that quartz sand can wear a hole through corundum. This leads me to express my acknowledgments to General Tilghman,<sup>1</sup> who is the inventor

<sup>1</sup> The absorbent power, if I may use the phrase, exerted by the industrial arts in the

of the sand-blast. To his spontaneous kindness I am indebted for some beautiful illustrations of his process. In one thick plate of glass a figure has been worked out to a depth of three-eighths of an inch. A second plate seven-eighths of an inch thick is entirely perforated. Through a circular plate of marble, nearly half an inch thick, open work of the most intricate and elaborate description has been executed. It would probably take many days to perform this work by any ordinary process; with the sand-blast it was accomplished in an hour. So much for the strength of the blast; its delicacy is illustrated by a beautiful example of line engraving, etched on glass by means of the blast.<sup>1</sup>

This power of erosion, so strikingly displayed when sand is urged by air, renders us better able to conceive its action when urged by water. The erosive power of a river is vastly augmented by the solid matter carried along with it. Sand or pebbles caught in a river vortex can wear away the hardest rock; "potholes" and deep cylindrical shafts being thus produced. An extraordinary instance of this kind of erosion is to be seen in the Val Tournanche, above the village of this name. The gorge at Handeck has been thus cut out. Such waterfalls were once frequent in the valleys of Switzerland; for hardly any valley is without one or more transverse barriers of resisting material, over which the river flowing through the valley once fell as a cataract. Near Pontresina in the Engadin, there is such a case, the hard gneiss being now worn away to form a gorge through which

United States, is forcibly illustrated by the rapid transfer of men like Mr. Tilghman from the life of the soldier to that of the civilian. General McClellan, now a civil engineer, whom I had the honour of frequently meeting in New York, is a most eminent example of the same kind. At the end of the war, indeed, a million and a half of men were thus drawn, in an astonishingly short time, from military to civil life. It is obvious that a nation with these tendencies can have no desire for war.

<sup>1</sup> The sand-blast will be in operation this year at the Kensington International Exhibition.

the river from the Morteratsch glacier rushes. The barrier of the Kirchet above Meyringen is also a case in point. Behind it was a lake, derived from the glacier of the Aar, and over the barrier the lake poured its excess of water. Here the rock being limestone was in great part dissolved, but added to this we had the action of the solid particles carried along by the water, each of which, as it struck the rock, chipped it away like the particles of the sand-blast. Thus by solution and mechanical erosion the great chasm of the *Fensterarschlucht* was formed. It is demonstrable that the water which flows at the bottoms of such deep fissures once flowed at the level of what is now their edges, and tumbled down the lower faces of the barriers. Almost every valley in Switzerland furnishes examples of this kind; the untenable hypothesis of earthquakes, once so readily resorted to in accounting for these gorges, being now for the most part abandoned. To produce the Cañons of Western America no other cause is needed than the integration of effects individually infinitesimal.

And now we come to Niagara. Soon after Europeans had taken possession of the country, the conviction appears to have arisen that the deep channel of the river Niagara below the falls had been excavated by the cataract. In Mr. Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," the prevalence of this belief has been referred to: it is expressed thus by Professor Joseph Henry in the *Transactions of the Albany Institute*:<sup>1</sup>—"In viewing the position of the falls and the features of the country round, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that this great natural raceway has been formed by the continued action of the irresistible Niagara, and that the falls, beginning at Lewistown, have, in the course of ages, worn back the rocky strata to their present site." The same view is advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, by Mr. Hall, by M. Agassiz, by Professor Ramsay, indeed by almost all of those who have inspected the place.

A connected image of the origin and progress of the cataract is easily obtained. Walking northward from the village of Niagara Falls by the side of the river, we have to our left the deep and comparatively narrow gorge through which the Niagara flows. The bounding cliffs of this gorge are from 300 to 350 feet high. We reach the whirlpool, trend to the north-east, and after a little time gradually resume our northward course. Finally, at about seven miles from the present Falls, we come to the edge of a declivity which informs us that we have been hitherto walking on table-land. Some hundreds of feet below us is a comparatively level plain, which stretches to Lake Ontario. The declivity marks the end of the precipitous gorge of the Niagara. Here the river escapes from its steep mural boundaries, and in a widened bed pursues its way to the lake which finally receives its waters.

The fact that in historic times, even within the memory of man, the fall has sensibly receded, prompts the question, how far has this recession gone? At what point did the ledge which thus continually creeps backwards begin its retrograde course? To minds disciplined in such researches the answer has been and will be, at the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston on the American to Queenston on the Canadian side. Over this transverse barrier the united affluents of all the upper lakes once poured their waters, and here the work of erosion began. The dam, moreover, was demonstrably of sufficient height to cause the river above it to submerge Goat Island; and this would perfectly account for the finding by Mr. Hall, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, in the sand and gravel of the island, the same fluviatile shells as are now found in the Niagara river higher up. It would also account for those deposits along the sides of the river, the discovery of which enabled Lyell, Hall, and Ramsay to reduce to demonstration the popular belief that the Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

The physics of the problem of exca-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Bakewell.

vation, which I made clear to my mind before quitting Niagara, are revealed by a close inspection of the present Horseshoe Fall. Here we see evidently that the greatest weight of water bends over the very apex of the Horseshoe. In a passage in his excellent chapter on Niagara Falls, Mr. Hall alludes to this fact. Here we have the most copious and the most violent whirling of the shattered liquid; here the most powerful eddies recoil against the shale. From this portion of the fall, indeed, the spray sometimes rises without solution of continuity to the region of clouds, becoming gradually more attenuated, and passing finally through the condition of true cloud into invisible vapour, which is sometimes reprecipitated higher up. All the phenomena point distinctly to the centre of the river as the place of greatest mechanical energy, and from the centre the vigour of the Fall gradually dies away towards the sides. The horseshoe form, with the concavity facing downwards, is an obvious and necessary consequence of this action. Right along the middle of the river the apex of the curve pushes its way backwards, cutting along the centre a deep and comparatively narrow groove, and draining the sides as it passes them.<sup>1</sup> Hence the remarkable discrepancy between the widths of the Niagara above and below the Horseshoe. All along its course, from Lewiston Heights to its present position, the form of the Fall was probably that of a horseshoe; for this is merely the expression of the greater depth, and consequently greater excavating power, of the centre of the river. The gorge, moreover, varies in width as the depth of the centre of the ancient river varied, being narrowest where that depth was greatest.

The vast comparative erosive energy of the Horseshoe Fall comes strikingly into view when it and the American

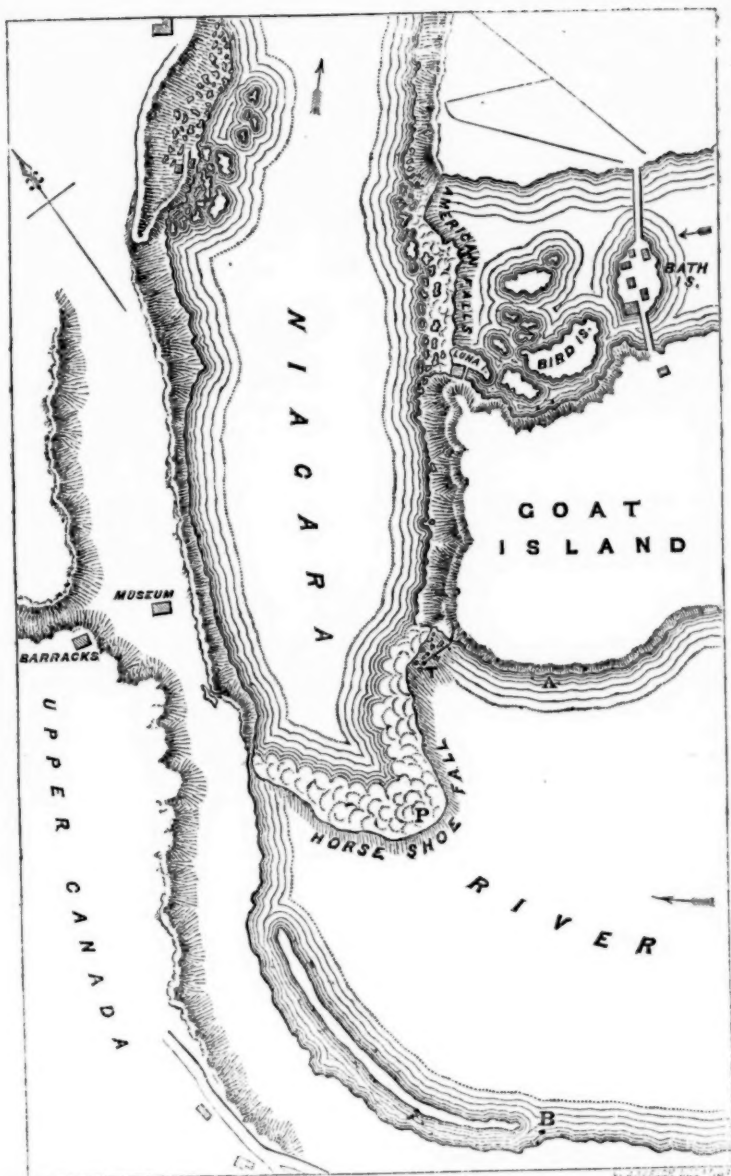
Fall are compared together. The American branch of the upper river is cut at a right angle by the gorge of the Niagara. Here the Horseshoe Fall was the real excavator. It cut the rock and formed the precipice over which the American Fall tumbles. But since its formation, the erosive action of the American Fall has been almost nil, while the Horseshoe has cut its way for 500 yards across the end of Goat Island, and is now doubling back to excavate a channel parallel to the length of the island. This point, I have just learned, has not escaped the acute observation of Professor Ramsay.<sup>1</sup> The river bends; the Horseshoe immediately accommodates itself to the bending, and will follow implicitly the direction of the deepest water in the upper stream. The flexibility of the gorge, if I may use the term, is determined by the flexibility of the river channel above it. Were the Niagara above the Fall sinuous, the gorge would obediently follow its sinuosities. Once suggested, no doubt geographers will be able to point out many examples of this action. The Zambesi is thought to present a great difficulty to the erosion theory, because of the sinuosity of the chasm below the Victoria Falls. But assuming the basalt to be of tolerably uniform texture, had the river been examined before the formation of this sinuous channel, the present zigzag course of the gorge below the Fall could, I am persuaded, have been predicted, while the sounding of the present river would enable us to predict the course to be pursued by the erosion in the future.

But not only has the Niagara river cut the gorge; it has carried away the chips of its own workshop. The shale being probably crumbled is easily carried away. But at the base of the fall we find the huge boulders already described, and by some

<sup>1</sup> In the discourse of which this paper is a report, the excavation of the centre and drainage of the sides was illustrated by a model devised by my assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

<sup>1</sup> His words are:—"Where the body of water is small in the American Fall, the edge has only receded a few yards (where most eroded) during the time that the Canadian Fall has receded from the north corner of Goat Island to the innermost curve of the Horseshoe Fall."—*Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, May 1859.







means or other these are removed down the river. The ice which fills the gorge in winter, and which grapples with the boulders, has been regarded as the transporting agent. Probably it is so to some extent. But erosion acts without ceasing on the abutting points of the boulders, thus withdrawing their support and urging them gradually down the river. Solution also does its portion of the work. That solid matter is carried down is proved by the difference of depth between the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, where the river enters it. The depth falls from seventy-two feet to twenty feet, in consequence of the deposition of solid matter caused by the diminished motion of the river.<sup>1</sup>

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horseshoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place oc-

cupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara a few millenniums hence I leave the verification of this prediction. All that can be said is, that if the causes now in action continue to act, it will prove itself literally true.

The preceding highly instructive map has been reduced from one published in Mr. Hall's *Geology of New York*. It is based on surveys executed in 1842, by Messrs. Gibson and Evershed. The ragged edge of the American Fall north of Goat Island marks the amount of erosion which it has been able to accomplish while the Horseshoe Fall was cutting its way southward across the end of Goat Island to its present position. The American Fall is 168 feet high, a precipice cut down, not by itself, but by the Horseshoe Fall. The latter in 1842 was 159 feet high, and, as shown by the map, is already turning eastward to excavate its gorge along the centre of the upper river. *r* is the apex of the Horseshoe, and *t* marks the site of the Terrapin Tower, with the promontory adjacent; round which I was conducted by Conroy. Probably since 1842 the Horseshoe has worked back beyond the position here assigned to it. Certainly the promontory at *t* appeared to me much sharper than it is here shown to be. In view of these considerations the foregoing prediction is merely the prospective statement of a fact requiring no great foresight to anticipate it.

JOHN TYNDALL.

<sup>1</sup> Near the mouth of the gorge at Queens-  
ton, the depth, according to the Admiralty  
Chart, is 180 feet; well within the gorge it is  
132 feet.

## MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE WELCOME HOME.

"WHY, Cecil, what a big fellow you've grown!"

Had I? This was the first I had heard of it, and I did not know exactly how to take the greeting.

It was either admiration or reproof. It certainly did not sound like the former, and it could not, evidently, be intended for the latter. The next minute he added, in a tone of disappointment, "Not quite a man yet though, eh?"

Not quite, certainly. Sir John, I have ascertained, had been accustomed to speak of me during his absence as "My son, sir, who's at home now,"—he quite forgot that I was not even out of petticoats,—*"will be quite a companion when I return."*

He was chagrined to find me a child, and his first salutation was only a complimentary tribute to my size as a child.

Thank goodness, I did not commence by crying. I was very near it, however. I looked down and blushed: I looked up and smiled. I, what my Aunt Clym called, "fiddled" with my fingers, interlacing them in an awkward and nervous fashion.

"Don't do that, Cecil," said Aunt Clym. "Haven't you got anything to say to your papa?"

No, nothing.

Had we been left together, I should have had a great deal, but it required a preface of getting on his knee, and accustoming myself to him, before I could repose confidence in my newly-found father. Whether there lurked in my mind a doubt of his identity, or whether I was only a striking illustration

of the truth of the proverb about a wise child, it is impossible to tell. I was abashed in his presence, and Aunt Clym's method did not go far towards conciliating me. My father, poor man, was disappointed. So was I. Neither put this into words. I seemed to experience a sort of feeling of having been imposed upon, and that this was not at all the father I had been expecting—in fact nothing like him.

After the first greetings were over, and I had come out of it all without crying, I was anxious to get back to the house-keeper's room, where my nurse was; but this was not permitted by my aunt, who seized the opportunity to point out to my father how fond I had become of certain associates, who, she was sure, were leading me astray.

My father heard her to the end gravely, and then observed—

"He must go to school at once."

This did surprise me. I do not know why, but such a course had certainly never entered into my head as one which was to be pursued with myself.

"You'd like to go to school?" my father asked me.

I smiled and was silent. Intuitively I felt that he wanted me to say "Yes," and that he would conceive a very low opinion of me were I to reply "No." So I kept the latter to myself, for private communication, subsequently, to Nurse Davis, but I said "Yes" to my father, and thus it happened that almost the first word of any importance that I had had to say to my father, was an untruth.

His manner made me nervous and timid. I was afraid of displeasing him, and he had a way—I saw it in the first five minutes—of knitting his eyebrows, and twitching his nose, which served

to indicate that the slightest contradiction would set him against me.

The Colvins are undoubtedly an excitable family, impulsive and irritable in various degrees. Mrs. Clym was all this and more. She was a woman of stern determination and settled purpose. Not so my father; he represented the Colvin virtues and failings in full. To impulsiveness and irritability, he added vacillation. If you had asked him for his own opinion of himself—and he often quoted himself as an example to be followed on most matters—he would have shown you what a cautious, calculating man he had always been in business, how he had anything but a hot temper, and how he was invariably willing to hear both sides of a case, and to give a calm and impartial judgment, even where his own interests were vitally concerned. He prided himself upon being excessively neat and clean, as indeed he was, and upon his extremely polite and courteous bearing in the society he frequented, where, to do him justice, he was always welcomed, and where he flattered himself on shining as a wit and a *bon vivant*. That he did flatter himself is certain, as he was neither one nor the other, though with a secret desire to excel in both characters. These are characteristics of the Colvins decidedly; but I fancy I have met others, besides Colvins, who have easily deceived themselves in such matters.

At eight years old I should have liked, in spite of Aunt Clym's presence, to have jumped on my father's knee, and to have asked him all about the strange country whence he had so recently come, and, especially, about the tigers. But such familiarity was out of the question. As we had begun, so we were to go on, and the next thing I had to hear was my good nurse complained of, and scolded, before my father, who, having his rôle given him by his sister, did not dare depart from it, but intimated to Mrs. Davis, that, after Master Cecil had been sent to school, her further services would be dispensed with.

That night my father made his *reentrée* into society, at a stately party given by

Uncle Clym, who, being heartily glad to see his brother-in-law back again safe and sound, was for an extra bottle in honour of the occasion, after the retirement of the ladies and of the children. When I was brought in to say "good-night to Papa," I was uncertain about kissing him,—a doubt I had always entertained with regard to any gentleman, whether relation or not, to whom I had had, up till then, the honour of having been introduced.

Sir John seemed as confused and as timid as myself, and I believe his brown face coloured slightly, as he turned round to bid me good night, and kiss me. His was a rough chin, and I did not like it. Two or three gentlemen called me to them, and asked me my age, and when I was going to school. This was an unfortunate question, as it started a stout gentleman with a red face on the subject of "rods in pickle," and remembrances of a leather strap, and a peculiar birch rod when he was a boy (I was glad to think that *he* had suffered, at all events), which so affected my nerves, that, being overtired and rather frightened, I began to cry, not noisily, but breaking into it, and suppressing it, all at one time—two opposite efforts that nearly choked me.

My father was, I saw it at once, considerably pained by my unmanly way of taking what was only meant in jest, but which, not seeing the fun in the same light as the stout red-faced gentleman, I had looked upon as very real and serious earnest, and had thus given way. Biscuits and fruit partially restored my equanimity. I accepted these presents in order to share them at home with Nurse Davis. My father observed that "I wanted to be knocked about a bit, and be among boys," which would have brought on another fit of tears, had not Uncle Clym's butler entered with a fresh bottle, to whose care (the butler's, not the bottle's) I was straightway confided, to be delivered to Nurse Davis, awaiting me in the passage. As I went out I heard Uncle Clym say "Now ten,"—meaning "Now then!"—which I have since learnt is the formula for

the commencement of a jovial evening, the "Up Guards and at 'em" of a convivial commander-in-chief. Jovial that evening might have been for them; not for me.

At home in our lodgings, all our conversation was about school, and of the separation between Nurse Davis and myself; and though I did not understand much about either subject, yet of one thing I felt certain, and this I said as I sobbed on my dear old nurse's bosom, "that I loved her very much, and wished Papa hadn't come to take me away."

Then she hushed me, and set me to say my prayers, ending with "God bless dear Papa this night," which somehow seemed to me unnecessary now, when he had returned safe and sound from among the tigers in India. And thus father and son met, and I fancy that neither of us was the happier for the meeting.

I fell asleep dreaming of the birch, leather strap, and rods in pickle with which that horrid red man had impressed my imagination.

One thing was clear at all events and no dream, namely, that I had come to the end of my play-time, and that, henceforth, school-time was to begin in earnest.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### SCHOOL-TIME. GLIDING ONWARDS.

THE Colvin baronetcy had a history, written and illuminated, up to my great-grandfather's time; who, being a fine old English gentleman of the sporting-squire type, sold the library, sold the venerable portraits, combined with his son to cut off the entail, and finally raised money on everything that was worth a penny. There being at length nothing left to live for, or to live on, he died at Geneva, in the odour of bankruptcy, leaving his debts and difficulties to his son. The Colvins of the Crusades had once more to go to the East; for my grandfather having settled in his own mind that a title was of small use without money, brought his remaining capital into Wingle's firm, started to lead a new life on the Stock Exchange,

and dedicated his son, my father, to business from his very earliest years with all the enthusiasm of a Hamilear. Beyond this the old gentleman had no notion of education, and my father was kept so closely at the grindstone by his employers (a large mercantile firm, dealing chiefly, I fancy, in silks, with a highly respectable provincial connection) as to have hardly any time left for recreation or self-improvement at night.

This firm, Owen Brothers, merchants, had a branch establishment at Shrewsbury; and here my father was sent for, I think, two years, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business. This, it seems, was about the only time he ever resided out of London as long as he remained in England. Later in life he quitted Owen Brothers. He revived the old Colvin, Wingle, and Co. stockbroking firm, and, starting on his own account, went on and prospered.

My father valued his title—reverenced it as something quite apart from himself, and he had determined that "he would give his son," as I have often heard him say, "a first-rate education, sir; and then he'll be fitted for anything." Lacking this himself, he saw what an excellent thing it would be, although he had but very vague notions of how to set about it. He heard of Holyshade College as the first public school where all the nobility sent their sons, and for this place he at once destined his boy. After that would follow one of the two great Universities, and then the Church, or the Bar, as a profession. Business was to be out of the question. Two Colvins were enough for the city, and the time was fast approaching when the woollack, or the episcopal bench, might be graced by our name. The Colvin baronetcy was, whatever might be said, something in hand to begin with. The Clyms, my cousins, were to be brought up to business—the Clym business being shipping insurance; and henceforth, from the commencement of my career at the private school, preparatory to Holyshade—I was taught by my father to look down upon the Clyms,

and, indeed, upon any boy who was on his road to Cornhill. He seemed to forget there might be some danger of such a sentiment reacting upon himself, but then he looked upon himself as the wisest, kindest, and best of parents; as I believe my grandfather, taking his conduct from quite another point of view, had done before him. People were paid to educate me—that was all my father knew of the matter, beyond the fact that these people, whoever they might be, were paid by him. Business might get better or worse, but he considered that his heir was laying up for himself such a store of knowledge for the future, as must achieve greatness by an easy and pleasant way; and, as to the sinews of war, had he not already provided for the improbable adversities of the future?

He was fond of delivering oracular precepts for my benefit, generally while he was dressing for a party, and I, ten years old, and seated on a chair, was intently watching the operation—being much interested in the watch and money, usually lying on the dressing-table.

"You must always," he used to observe, under the impression that he was enunciating some original philosophical doctrine, and deluding himself all the while with the idea that he was addressing a young man twice my age, "You must always look on both sides of a difficulty,"—here he would fold his cravat twice round, and tie it in the naggiest bow possible. "One day I might not be able to do all for you that I intend."

I am sure he felt a sort of pleasure in saying this, as if the contingency were too remote to be even possible, and, therefore, one on which he could safely expatiate. He continued: "*Then* you'll have plenty of friends to help you, and you'll only have to get up in court and make a speech, and they'll say, *Hulloa! here's a clever fellow, by Jove!*"—here he got into his coat and gave his whiskers a last brush; "and then"—here his money and watch went into his pockets, and the chance of half-a-crown had vanished for that time—"you'll be Lord Chancellor or some-

thing"—here his brougham would be announced, and after saying, "Good night," he would sometimes, not often, stoop to kiss me—stooping not being an easy matter in such a stiff white tie as it was then the fashion to wear. Besides, to caress the child destroyed the illusion of my being his companionable grown-up son. As a child he treated me as an ideal man, without foreseeing that this would end in his treating the man as an ideal child. He always left home in more or less of a hurry, and after he had consulted his watch, and observed that it was past time, he would run downstairs and be driven off at a rapid pace, leaving me to my own devices for amusement. These I soon found in any books I could get hold of, and in my old friend the theatre, with Blue Beard and Co. (only on rather a larger scale, consistent with my increasing age and improved means), of which I used to give performances to the servants. My audience included the cook, and her cousin—an enormous tall corporal in uniform—of whom I was at first very much afraid, but who really proved a most amiable person, and, considered as (in himself) the greater part of my "gentle public," most appreciative. My performances at this time were, for the most part, under the patronage of the cook and The Military.

After this came supper; and then the housemaid—to whose hands, during my holidays, I fell, in company with the grates and fire-irons—would intimate that it was time for me to retire for the night, "unless," she generally was obliged to add, "you wish your Pa to come 'ome and catch you hup."

She used to emphasize the "h's" very strongly. She had wonderful stories about her grandmother—who seemed to have been a sort of Mother Shipton, seeing strange forms in the sky. These stories I would get her to tell me with a view to inducing repose, but unsuccessfully, as I subsequently lay awake fancying all sorts of woes coming upon the earth in consequence of Anne's venerable relative having beheld a regi-



ment of soldiers marching in a flash of lightning. This and a new Blue Chamber in "Blue Beard"—which I had lately purchased, and which was furnished with fearful skeletons in rose-coloured flames—impress my memory to this day so vividly and clearly, that, as I write, I seem to behold the bony creatures of my imagination dancing on the wall, as I had often seen them in those childish days, when unable to ring, or to scream, I sought safety under the bed-clothes, where after a time I fell asleep.

I dwell upon these incidents—slight and valueless in themselves, but of great weight as bearing upon my future: of great weight to parents who leave children to form themselves as best they can; of great weight to those who look forward to their children's companionship in later life; who, neglecting to sow carefully, yet expect to reap profitably. To what purpose is this written? The least eventful life may point a moral. Dull, and monotonous, as the paid preacher's stereotyped discourses, are the sermons of the Rev. Father Time; and his sermons are experience. Who learns from them aught for his own guidance? We can apply the advice thus taught to our neighbours; they, we see, were fools not to have learnt by the experience of others; but for ourselves, circumstances alter cases, and we alone are judges of the circumstances. It is, indeed, a wise child who knows his own father so thoroughly as to avoid his faults, and improve upon his good qualities.

When I have said that Sir John was weak and impulsive; when I have said that his only idea concerning his son was, that there were those whom he paid for their duty of attending the youth, until the time should arrive for him to be his father's companion—when I have said this, I have said all I have to urge against the parental policy. Between him and myself there might have been the strongest attachment, had not he, in the first instance, kept so far apart from me, that the cord of our natural love, strained to the utmost,

was forced to yield to the force which, later on, was brought to bear upon it, and then it snapped in twain—but, thank God, not for ever.

Had my mother been spared, she would have had to suffer much, as this history will show, for what has fallen heavily on my father and myself would have fallen heaviest on her, and she would have been wounded through me, but by no fault or misdoing of mine.

No one could have been kinder to me than Nurse Davis. She was, certainly, for her station in life, a superior person, and before going to school I really possessed a very fair amount of knowledge, as far as reading and writing went, besides an intimate acquaintance with Oriental habits and customs as illustrated in "Blue Beard," on my stage, and the Eastern fairy tales in my dear old book; not to mention such an acquaintance with Germany as was to be met with in the play of "Der Freischütz," with Skelt's "Scenes and Characters," and in the legendary lore of the Brothers Grimm. So was it with Robin Hood and William Tell (whom I had seen in a pantomime, the first I ever witnessed, and who for years remained in my mind as a man with thin legs and an enormous head, who would pepper his son's nose and otherwise illtreat him at breakfast)—I say, with all these odds and ends, my knowledge-box was fairly stored, and, by the way, so was my school-box, wherein were a cake, apples, biscuits, and a small jar of mixed pickles, which Nurse considered a rare delicacy. At school my cake was divided among my new companions, as were also the apples and biscuits, everyone looking upon the distribution as a matter of course, calling for no expressions of gratitude towards the noble donor, who could not help himself, and what is more, could not prevent *their* being helped. As for the pickles, to the best of my recollection, I never set eyes on them after they had once been taken out of my box. I rather fancy I heard Miss Secunda Sharpe, the second sister, say something about pickles being very unwholesome, but I think this remark



must have only applied to them as eatables for boys, as I am pretty sure that, on Sunday, I recognized some well-known favourites of my nurse's, such as very small but very strong onions, at the upper end of the dinner-table, on the schoolmistresses' plates. But what is not, in the goose's opinion, sauce for the gosling, may be a very excellent relish for the goose herself.

Nurse, who had quitted my father's service, came, with Julie and Mr. Verney, to see me one Sunday during the summer time. Mr. Verney, on this occasion, was peculiarly light and airy, and wore a countrified hat, and turn-down collars. He told me he took this opportunity of "courting the zephyrs which were trifling with the fragrant buttercups and the humble daisies in the luxuriant meadows." I did not understand him then, but I believe this to have been a mere poetical figure, signifying that having been deposited by the sixpenny 'bus at the corner, he had walked up the lane under the trees, and through the front garden to the school-house.

Julie was grown, and a little shy. I asked her if she'd like to come to my school, and she replied "No," which I considered at the time rather unkind. At parting, however, we cried a bit, all of us except Mr. Verney, who stood over us in the attitude of a benignant gaoler. He presently interrupted our sobs with an admonitory cough.

"Parting, Jane, as the bard has expressed it, is 'such sweet sorrow' that we shall be here till to-morrow, I'm afraid, unless we leave our excellent young friend to his scholastic duties, and catch the fleeting omnibus at the corner of the lane, where it will be within the next quarter of an hour. Farewell!"

When they'd gone, I didn't get over it for an hour or more, but sat alone, thinking of what they were doing now, and how happy they were in being free while I was still a prisoner. I managed to secrete the cake which had been given me, and shared it with a friend in the bed next to me,

eating it in haste as if it were a sort of Passover ceremony, due regard, by the way, not being paid to the necessary dress to be observed on such a solemn occasion, for we ate it at night, when the other boys were asleep, in our dormitory. We paid for it, in medicine, the following day. This did not prevent our repeating our gluttony on the occurrence of a similar opportunity.

Of my time at this period I have very little worth recording. I cried on the first morning after my arrival, and was dazed by the formality of school prayers round the breakfast-table. I remember that the first words to impress me with anything resembling a sentimentally religious feeling were in the collect commencing "Lighten our darkness," which was always read at night prayers, and imbued me with a mysterious dread of bedtime. This solemn petition used invariably to make me feel very sad; it seemed to be a sort of funeral service read over us boys previous to storing us away for the night. I fancy this impression had vanished by the time I had got into bed, or I should not have indulged in such reckless dissipation as cake-eating after the light was out.

It took me a long time to master my duty towards my neighbour in the Catechism, and I really do not think I ever rightly succeeded in acquiring the proper order of the sentences about being "true and just in all my dealings" (which always reminded me of shopkeepers), and about "hurting nobody by word or deed." In consequence of the Catechism I suffered a martyrdom, not for any conscientious objections to its doctrinal statements, but for the reason above mentioned; and it certainly was tiresome work on a hot Sunday afternoon, under the eye of an irritable mistress, who often hurt somebody "by deed," and that somebody was myself. Our punishments were various. One, of Chinese origin, was a stiff leather collar, which kept your chin up, and forced you to assume a proud bearing in spite of yourself, and greatly

to your own discomfort. The position of some people enjoying an elevated social position and paying its penalties, has forcibly recalled to my mind this collar. Then there was the ruler for the knuckles of the recalcitrant, which extracted from me many a sob on a cold morning. Bread and water was not much of a punishment for me, as I was very partial to dry bread, if I could only have enough of it.

My holidays were passed at home, where, except my Clym cousins, with whom I occasionally spent the day, I had no companions, save the servants and the corporal afore-mentioned. I enjoyed their parties while my father went out to his. Of him I saw very little, except on Sundays, when he would send for me into the sitting-room (we were still in lodgings—on our road to a big house, my father having changed his intention on this subject several times—but no longer over the dairy), and would read two or three chapters "out of the Old Testament" to me—generally those wherein occurred the hardest and longest names, which he took great delight in hearing himself pronounce. He was proud of his reading, and considered the exercise as equivalent to a church service. Sometimes, of an afternoon, he would let me accompany him, in state, to a fashionable place of worship, of which all I remember is, that there was exquisite singing, accompanied by a great rustling of music-paper, and that the preacher, reader, and clerk were piled up one above the other, of each of whom only just so much was visible as can be seen of a punch-doll in the usual show. More often, however, he took me, on Sunday, to call on Grandmamma Colvin, and then to my other grandmamma, Mrs. Pritchard. He never came to see me at school, or asked me any educational questions. He appeared to be uninterested in me as long as I continued a child; it seemed such an age before I should be anywhere near manhood. Nothing short of my having been born a ready-made man would have satisfied him. It was clear that

both of us must wait. But my father was impatient.

So far the stream of time bore me along, lazily, easily. Nurse Davis, Julie, and Frampton's Court I already seemed to have left far behind. Where on my voyage I might meet them again never entered into my head. The future gives a child no trouble, and the past but little pleasure. I had been happy with the Verneys, and I was happy without them. Be it remembered, I was alone, and therefore selfish. Our family archives record instances of selfish individuals among the Colvins. It is a theory that every man has in him some disease which will exhibit its fatal power if he live long enough for its development. Growing up within me was selfishness. I see, now, that nothing but the knife could have saved me. I know, now, that a true love had already taken root deep down in my heart, out of sight; and of its existence I should not be aware until the earth above should be broken by the strength of its first upward shoots.

My small boat was now to be delayed at a landing-stage, where I was to take in fresh stores and meet new characters. Already the pilots destined to betray their trust, to run both ship and boat upon the rocks, were awaiting us on this new shore.

#### CHAPTER VI.

OLD CARTER'S ACADEMY.—AS HINTED IN A FORMER CHAPTER, ONE OF MY IMPORTANT PERSONAGES APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Soon the time came for jackets, and with a new suit I was sent to a new school, near Bromfield, in Kent, which I was informed was to be preparatory to going to Holyshade. This establishment was kept by the Rev. Thomas Carter, a pompous clergyman of the Evangelical school, who stood in great awe of his wife. Mrs. Carter ruled him, ruled the ushers—who did their best to render themselves agreeable to her—and ruled the boys. Here, I

made the acquaintance of that diabolical instrument the cane. Mrs. Carter generally looked in at the door when any chastisement was being inflicted, and would keep her husband up to the mark by such words of encouragement as "That's not hard enough, Thomas; make him feel it, my dear," so that Mr. Carter, one day losing his temper, and getting very red in the face, cried out to her, "Perhaps you'd like to do it yourself," to which she at once replied that she wouldn't cane at all if she couldn't do it better than that, adding that "she'd like to cane him and the boys too," whereat the second usher put his head under the lid of his desk and laughed, while his senior smiled grimly, and took an enormous pinch of snuff. She was a dreadful little, freckled, shrivelled woman, and was quite my idea of a witch. With a broomstick and a sgarloaf hat she would have been exact: only I pity the imp who would have dared to get within reach of her broomstick; he would have had a Walpurgis night not to be forgotten in a hurry.

Out of the fifty or sixty boys, there were only two in whom I was interested. One was the captain of the school, Percival Floyd, whom I admired and feared. The other was Austin Comberwood, of whom I was very fond. The head boy—we didn't call him captain—was Percival Floyd. He was nearly seventeen, and in the general opinion quite a man, if it had not been for his still wearing jackets, which gave him rather a nautical appearance, especially about the legs, of which, as may be imagined, we saw a good deal. He had a magnificent reputation for strength and prowess at fisticuffs. It was just a question whether he could thrash Stephen Harker, who was about his own age, and had lately gone into stick-ups and tails. These appendages caused Master Harker considerable embarrassment, on account of his having been christened, on his return in this new attire, "Pussy Cat," by the drawing-master, who was a wag in his way; but if his pleasantry was tolerated, out of deference to Art, that of

the juniors—who pretended to "miaow" when Harker's back was turned, and to be afraid of his tail coat—was visited with condign punishment whenever he succeeded in catching a delinquent, which was not often. Harker was strong in neckties of a rainbow pattern, and flattered himself that he was the admiration of a girls' school which frequented our church. He was the son of a Manchester manufacturer, reputed to be immensely wealthy, with mills and machinery in every direction. He was partial to sweet-smelling pomade, with which he used to plaster his black hair until it shone again, and his great amusement and delight was to watch the very gradual growth of some fluffly down on his upper lip, for which purpose he kept a small looking-glass fastened to the inside of the lid of his desk. This dark streak of down, looking like a smudge from a lead pencil, was as interesting to him as the first sprouts of a spring crop to a farmer. The drawing-master remarked that every pussy cat had moustachios, and this joke lasted us for some time, until Fatty Bifford asked Harker if he wouldn't like some cat's-meat, therewith imitating the cry of the purveyor of that article; whereupon, being unable to run away as quickly as he had intended, he was captured, and handled so severely, that we never attempted to imitate the humorous Bifford, who, we considered, deserved all he had got, for his inability to escape the consequences.

There were two Biffords—Fatty and Puggy—brothers with so strong a family resemblance to each other, that it seemed as if they'd been originally intended for twins. They were not, however, and Fatty was the elder by two years. They were never known to agree on any one point, except that they should always be fighting, and no question ever arose between them, which was not at once decided by the ordeal of battle. Such a battle, too! where all was fair, except a blow below the lowest waistcoat button, which Fatty Bifford could not, and would not, stand. And this was the fatal blow that his bro-

that Puggy invariably gave him when affairs were becoming desperate. Then Fatty, doubled up like a Punch doll, would fall, protesting, with his latest and shortest breath, against foul play, whereat the ring would interfere. Then, in consequence of a difference of opinion having arisen between Puggy and one of the interposing bystanders, it became the younger brother's turn to have a fresh encounter on his hands, when he, after some few feints and guards, invariably succumbed, and spent the remainder of his play-hours in tears and abuse of his brother. Fatty was never known to speak well of Puggy, and Puggy never had a good word for his brother. Fatty would confide to the boys that there was no such sneak as Puggy, and Puggy would confidently assert that there never was such a cowardly bully as that Fatty. Yet their attachment to each other was, strange to say, firm and sincere, and has so remained through life. In their conflicts at school, hair-pulling came to be considered quite as one of the fine arts, while throttling and kicking were managed with so great a dexterity, as, in more sporting times, would have elevated their performance to the rank of a science. Blows were seldom exchanged, except *the* one already mentioned. Nobody having authority ever interfered between them, except on two occasions, when I remember Mrs. Carter suddenly rushing in, having been at the keyhole for some minutes previously, and seizing them both by the hair, which she tugged impartially until they yelled again, she banged their heads together and took them off to be caned on the spot: and a very sore spot it must have been for a long time afterwards. This is the only instance within my knowledge of a satisfactory issue of an uncalled-for interference by a third party in the quarrels of relations.

As for the ushers, the senior was seldom with us in play-hours, having his own amusements and lodgings in the country town of Bromfield, within five minutes' walk of our school-house. Our second usher, as a rule, had scarcely

settled down into the ways of the place before he was somehow or other sent about his business; generally, it was believed, through Mrs. Carter's instrumentality.

It was a tradition at old Carter's that the second usher never stopped more than one half: if he did, he'd stay two years. When I first came, this post was occupied by a Mr. Daw, a little man with a large head, who ate garlic privately and smelt of it publicly. On wet afternoons he used to sing to us some rollicking songs with strangely worded choruses. Mrs. Carter came in during one of these performances, and as his music did not possess charms sufficient to calm her savage breast, he received notice and left.

To his professorial chair succeeded a Mr. Venn. He was an unwholesome-looking man, whose complexion reminded me of a frog's back. His restless eyes, peering out of deep recesses, moved quickly and suspiciously, as though he were perpetually on the alert for the appearance of somebody from some unexpected quarter. I remember in the story of the fisherman and the genii how in the king's palace the wall suddenly opened and a Moor stepped out, much to the consternation of the fisherman. Had our second usher been the fisherman, he would have been ready for him and waiting.

The way in which he would play with the ruler seemed to suggest the defensive, and he always dived down behind the lid of his desk, and brought up his head again to look right and left sharply, much after the manner of a thrush on a lawn, fearful of being surprised in his worming operations. In the place of eyebrows he had two irritable-looking red lines, with stumps of hair dotted about, as though they alone had been spared in a severe visitation of pumice-stone. His nose was trowel-shaped—that is, it fitted in a very broad and flat manner on to the cheeks, and tapered away to not too fine a point. His mouth was large; but he generally kept it shut, scarcely opening it to speak. He had no more smile on his face than has

a man, with a strong sense of humour, suffering from sea-sickness. Easy-going, lounging Mr. Crosbie, M.A., the senior, who affected a sporting costume, and kept two dogs of doubtful breed (which curled their tails downwards when interviewed by other dogs, and pretended never to see any cat that happened to be quite close to them), was afraid of him, and in his presence was on his best behaviour. Old Carter spoke of Mr. Venn as a gentleman with the highest recommendations from the most learned, reverend, and respectable authorities. He trumpeted him before he arrived. After his arrival, old Carter saw less of the schoolroom than heretofore, and at dinner Mrs. Carter was far more civil to Mr. Venn than ever she had been to Mr. Crosbie. All the boys remarked the change, and wondered. Percival Floyd was soon on as friendly a footing as one ever could be with Mr. Venn; and Harker, being ignored, was left to Crosbie, who, it was whispered, knew Harker at home, and having actually stopped at Harker's mill, was, for reasons of his own, very lenient with his young friend over Horace and Homer.

One hot summer's day the boys were in the field playing cricket—a game which I never could summon up sufficient nerve to play. So much danger and so much trouble for nothing, seemed to me to be associated with this amusement, that I and the only other boy who shared my feelings on the subject, Austin Comberwood, were accustomed to retire to a distant part of the field, where he would tell me the stories of Scott's novels, wherein, as was natural, I was mightily interested; and were he compelled to leave off at a thrilling point of interest, I used to look forward with pleasure to the night-time, when, as we lay in our little room (we were the only two sleeping there), it would be "continued in our next" by him.

While he was recounting "Ivanhoe" to me, Mr. Venn came up, and sent Austin with a message across the field. Then he turned to me, and, knitting the red marks which did duty for brows, asked—

"How old are you, Colvin?"

"Twelve last birthday, sir," I replied, for I was getting on by this time.

"Where's your father now?"

"In London, sir."

"Always in London?"

"Always, I think," I replied with some hesitation, because it struck me as quite a new idea that my father should ever go out of town. Then I added, by way of such an explanation as appeared to me necessary—

"We live in London, sir."

"You know Shrewsbury, don't you?" he asked.

I was never strong in English geography; and geography out of England would have at that time completely floored me. It occurred to me that Mr. Venn was taking a mean advantage of me out of school hours. However, I knew enough to reply confidently that Shrewsbury was the capital of Shropshire.

"Ah," he returned, "I don't mean that. Didn't you once live there?"

"No, sir."

It suddenly occurred to me that I might have been born there. I shouldn't have been sorry to prove this to my schoolfellows, as all the other boys had been born, they said, in the country; and they used to call me a cockney—a term I detested, implying, as it seemed to me, an ignorance of such matters as riding, hunting, shooting, and fishing, with which my companions, one and all, professed themselves familiar. Their derision was all the more galling on account of its being caused by what was simply the truth, and nothing but the truth. I knew no more of fishing, or indeed of any field sports, than I did of astronomy; and, as may be imagined, I was not much of a Newton at this period of my life. Not that I wish to infer that I have since attained any eminence in the science of the stars. No: such high flights I have left to Dedalian individuals. For myself, I am content to leave the solar system alone. It has worked remarkably well for some considerable time without any interference on my part, and I am not



ambitions of being a Phaëthon, and getting the calendar into a muddle. I will accept alterations peaceably, but will not originate them. Make old May-day in December, and put Christmas-day in July, I shall not complain, but will celebrate the one with port and filberts, and the other with iced plum-pudding and cold mince-pies.

However, to come back to Shrewsbury, whence we started. The notion of its having been my birth-place, with its logical train of consequences, commencing with the certainty that I could no longer be upbraided with cockneyism—this notion, I say, seemed to me so brilliant, that I couldn't help suggesting to Mr. Venn that it was not impossible that I might have been born there.

"H'm," he said presently, after a pause, "you don't take after your mother."

I had always been told I was very like her, and I said so, adding, "I'm not like my father, sir"—of which distinction I was not a little proud; because, to my imagination, my mother had been the loveliest creature ever seen.

He seemed to consider the proposition as one deserving his best attention. Presently he inquired—

"She does not come down to see you here?"

The question was so extraordinary, that I stared up at him with all my might. Come down here to visit me, I thought; and wished that it could be so, that I might see and love her. He had unwittingly struck a chord in my heart of infinite sweet melody. My mother seemed to me too sacred for him to mention; and as the tears welled up, and the green fields and landscape became obscured by the mist that filled my eyes, I replied—

"She is dead, sir."

"Dead," he repeated, softly, as if much shocked; "I did not know this, or I should not have mentioned the subject."

The excuse sounded awkward, but kindly, and at that moment, in spite of my grief, I felt myself of considerable

importance. I could not, had I been then asked, have put the reason into words, but I suppose that my personal vanity was flattered by having received a sort of apology from an authority so formidable as Mr. Venn.

Being in this humour, I was quite willing to talk about myself and domestic matters. He smiled when, becoming confidential, I described Mr. Verney; and I thought he really must have known him, but he said that he did not; and he appeared considerably interested when I, wishing to impress upon him clearly the marked distinction between my Aunt Clym and my Aunt Susan, was forced to point out, as something to be remembered, that Aunt Susan was my mother's sister, and *my* Grandmamma Pritchard was my mother's mamma.

"Pritchard?" he asked, in a tone that implied a doubt of my veracity. I assured him that it was so, and he seemed as puzzled as Fatty Bifford when thinking of the answer to a question in Proportion. Then he said—

"Have you ever heard the name of Wingrove?"

I had some idea that he was laughing at me, but I saw by his face and manner that he was quite serious. I seemed to have heard the name of Wingrove, but somehow, if at all, in connection with the Verneys. The longer I thought, the more sure I became that I never had heard it before.

"Then," he said, with his peculiarly ill-favoured smile, "then, when you see your father, ask him if he knows the name of Wingrove;" and as we looked at one another I laughed timidly, not being quite sure whether it was said in joke or earnest, and being uncertain as to how he might take it if I were wrong.

But he patted me on the back and laughed in turn, as the wolf might have laughed, when he was so tickled with the idea of the practical joke he was going to play on Little Red Riding Hood; and then as Austin Comberwood returned, Mr. Venn walked away. I asked Austin about Wingrove, and *he* didn't know, and, moreover, didn't think it was in



any of Sir Walter Scott's novels (which put the matter in a new light to me), unless it might be, he surmised, in one of the books that he hadn't yet read. This led to a discussion as to the number of books he *had* read; and just as he was commencing where he had left off, about the Black Knight (who *he* was going to be I couldn't make out), we were summoned into school.

I thought of Wingrove and the conversation with Mr. Venn, once or twice afterwards, but it very soon ceased to interest me—having no chance against Ivanhoe, as narrated in the dark, at bed-time, by Comberwood—until, later on, a slight incident recalled it to my memory. Mr. Venn's conduct towards me from this time forth was distinguished by so many marks of kindness (he once actually rescued me from old Mother Carter's hands, by moral not physical force) that this portion of my time at this school was, on the whole, very happily spent. It is true I was dubbed "Venn's Favourite," but the boys soon dropped this when they discovered that, on the love-me-love-my-dog principle, to be the friend of Cæsar's friend was to be the friend of Cæsar. The Biffords were the sole exception to this rule. They were too deeply engaged in their own domestic broils to trouble themselves with the affairs of the outer world. They left during my third half, and fought not only up to the last minute, but on the very steps of the fly which was to convey them to the station. The last that was here seen of them (from Carter's dining-room, and looking through the fly window) was Fatty Bifford with both his hands tugging at and twisting Puggy's hair, freshly oiled for going home; while the latter had got hold of his brother's new necktie, and was trying to strangle him before they should reach the station. As we soon after received news of them from Holyshade College, whither they had both preceded me, though the majority of Carter's boys used to go to Harton School, we had the gratification of knowing that their latest squabble had not ended fatally.

During my last two school-times I

ceased to be Venn's favourite, in fact, as I had long before ceased to be in name. As the circumstances which, I have since learnt, occasioned this change of demeanour have shown themselves to have been fraught with consequences of the deepest importance, not only to myself but to others, I must not now pass lightly over certain events which, trivial as they then seemed, did most undoubtedly mark an epoch in the history of my time.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WORKING ROUND—OTHER IMPORTANT PERSONAGES ON THE SCENE—AN ILL WIND, AND SOME CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT this time, my father, at the recommendation of his greatest friend and constant adviser, Mr. James Cavander, and in opposition to all that could be urged against the scheme by Aunt Clym—on all occasions Cavander's warm opponent—took and furnished a house in that district of Kensington which a Museum and a National Portrait Gallery have since combined to render famous. Business in the city—whatever that might mean—had been good; "things" also in the city had been for some time "looking up," and had enabled my father to purchase the long lease of a residence which the auctioneer's advertisement described as both eligible and desirable. Mr. Cavander was probably correct in suggesting it as a good investment. For my part I know very little more about such matters now than I did then; practical experience alone can endow me with such wisdom as is necessary for matters which are, like the prices of Belgravian palaces, too high for me, and as yet—that is up to the present time of writing—I have not been able to purchase another house on a similar site.

But this Mr. James Cavander—could I write this history and omit all mention of him, I would. Could I show my love for my enemies by observing silence about them, I would. But it is as impossible to keep James Cavander

out of this veracious narrative, as it would be to ignore the devil in the history of Christianity.

For you, my friends, who honour our family by perusing this addition to its past history, I have no disguise, no trick; I tell you that at this particular point I introduce my arch-villain, so that you may sympathise with me when I, as a boy, first saw him, and intuitively disliked him. Let us be in jackets and turn-down collars again, and let us dislike him together, for the plain and simple reason that we *do* dislike, and can't tell why. My instinct was right—I can say so now: and for the correctness of first instincts, I will back children and women against all others. It was on returning to Old Carter's that I first encountered Mr. Cavander, and felt as kindly disposed towards him as I have above intimated. He was, so far, my Doctor Fell: the reason why I could not tell; but this I knew, in less than two minutes, and knew full well, that I *did* not, and never could, like Mr. James Cavander.

Undoubtedly a handsome man, with the darkest hair, whiskers, and eyebrows I had as yet seen; and I do not think I have since met his equal in this respect.

His eyes were, so to speak, his face; for you got at them and they at you first and foremost. They faced you out, steadfastly. They bothered you like the light of a dark lantern. These eyes further gave you the idea of their being the spies set at the windows to seize on all that might furnish material for the brain within, whose machinery was hard at work all day, and far into the night, until the watchers should succumb to drowsiness, and the busy thoughts should hie to their playground in the land of dreams.

Cavander took you in as raw material through his eyes, and turning you over and over, and round and round, easily and pleasantly produced you in the form best adapted to his purpose. Cavander's mental steam hammer could brush the dust off a fly's wing without disturbing it, or could crush a boulder of granite. This latter effort

was not to the man's taste, as requiring sudden violence.

He would have preferred treating Leviathan as a trout, and bag him by tickling. If you were of no use to him, he forgot you, and it would be fair to say of him generally that he only remembered you for your own disadvantage. Thus, he could forget what was not worth his while to remember, but he never troubled himself to forgive.

Do I suppose, looking back at this man, that when by himself he professed undying hatred of any human being? Undoubtedly not: I firmly believe that he considered himself no worse than those among whom he moved, and far better than many whom he heard parading their charitable sentiments. He despised both Pharisee and publican, as canting hypocrites. And, to do him justice, he neither professed too much with the one, nor abased himself abjectly with the other. I have seen his name attached to many a subscription for a good and pious purpose, and I have heard of his kind acts in gifts of money to certain poor people who had proved themselves to be deserving objects of charity. People mostly spoke of him as "a clever fellow," but at the same time they shook their heads knowingly, implying thereby that there are more ways than one of being clever, and that on the whole they'd rather not be called upon to explain precisely their meaning. Such remarks as these my father used to take as complimentary to his own sagacity, for in the city he and Cavander appeared to be inseparable. While I had been growing, Cavander had been becoming a necessary part of my father's business. My shoes were too small for him at present, but he had taken my measure for my boots of the future, which, made for me, he intended to wear himself. Somehow I had never met this gentleman at home. He said he perfectly remembered me as quite a child, and I've no doubt but that he was right. Perhaps his holidays coincided with mine, and so when he went away I arrived. Be this as it may, we met face to face when I was between eleven and twelve, and since

that day in the city I have not had the opportunity of forgetting him.

I confess my sorrow at the personal appearance of the wicked genie of my story. I am annoyed that he should have been at once so patently proclaimed villain; and were it in my power to change, I would make him of Saxon type (when, you see, he would not be cursed with this conventionally villainous black hair), and would let him skip on to the scene, like a sheepish Colin to a pastoral symphony, without a vestige of the wolf popping out anywhere. But it cannot be. I am not painting a monster; I am only drawing a black sheep, whose dark wool is as glossy as the coat of a seal, and who is an ornament and not a blemish to the flock.

For his complexion, it was pale, lightly, yet healthily, browned by the sun. The heaviest part about his face was his chin: you almost expected to see it worked up and down behind the ears with pulleys. Sometimes I noticed that while ruminating he would let it drop, and so stand thinking, with his mouth open. When he had settled whatever it was that might be occupying his attention, he would bring his jaws to with a click of the teeth, which boded no good to an adversary. This habit of his was uncommonly startling to me, as also was his way of wetting his lips, which he often did when he had not quite made up his mind as to a course to be pursued, or whenever he permitted himself to show his annoyance.

He was altogether a man of striking appearance. His dress was exactly to his time of life, and within the fashion of the day. As a child I mentally compared him with my uncle, Herbert Pritchard, who, to my mind, was the gayest dressed man I knew; in fact he was all coloured shirt and patent boots. By the side of Mr. Cavander, Uncle Herbert might be considered as the wearer of a fancy dress. In the summer you would have thought, on seeing Uncle Herbert's light and airy costume in the city, that he had come thither in his yacht—or in somebody else's, which would have been far more probable. But Cavander's

dress remained apparently very nearly the same at one season as at another—in perfect taste always; and you would never hear him, as you would Uncle Herbert, complaining of the excessive heat of an ordinary summer, or of the difficulty of keeping warm in a seasonable winter, at which time of the year Uncle Herbert's appearance was that of a man bound on an expedition to the northern regions, especially if you met him in a carriage—somebody else's, of course, never *his*—where he would have rugs and wraps enough to smother a whole orphanage asylum of babies in the Tower.

Herbert Pritchard was a favourite with Cavander, whom he used to consult on his "little matters of business in the city," whenever he came to see my father. Herbert's city speculations were to Cavander like the card-playing of old ladies for counters at two-pence a dozen. He had microscopic investments, too, in various odd things, all done, as it were, in threepenny bits. It amused him, however, and, as it gave him an interest in perusing the city article in *The Times*, it also added to his subjects of conversation. But as we shall see more of Herbert Pritchard later on, I will not stop to discuss him here.

Uncle Herbert had volunteered to see me safely down to Carter's, having to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. I was glad of this, as it meant half-a-sovereign more in my pocket—certainly five shillings, and on previous occasions I had been seen to the station by one of my father's clerks, and booked for my destination like a parcel. So Uncle Herbert took the city on his road.

The city puzzled me immensely, but as we were driven up to the office door in a close cab (hackney coaches had recently gone out, and hansoms hadn't come in) I did not on this occasion see very much of it.

We went up some stone stairs into a sort of gallery, dark and dirty. Had it been Mr. Cavander who had taken me, I might have suspected some mischief. I couldn't imagine my father having anything to do with such a dreary place as this.

We stopped before a glass door, on

which I distinguished the word "Private." I suppose on this occasion we went in by a back way. The place has been so altered of late years—in fact, I rather fancy those old offices have been entirely pulled down—that were I to come upon it again suddenly I do not think I should recognize it.

The private room was empty, but in the front room, where some clerks were at a desk, behind a sort of screen of brass wires, like some sort of dangerous birds, and hidden from view by green curtains on brass rods, stood Mr. Cavander, leaning on the mantel-piece.

"How are you, Cavander?" said Uncle Herbert.

Mr. Cavander turned and saluted him with a nod, and then took me into consideration. There was not at this time much of me to take in, and he did it with ease at a glance.

"Your nephew?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Uncle Herbert, "this is Master Cecil Colvin, on his way to school."

I expected to be asked to shake hands with Mr. Cavander, but I wasn't, so I merely looked up at him and smiled, with an indistinct notion of corroborating Uncle Herbert's statement, which if acted upon by Mr. Cavander, I surmised dimly, and from the first with great mistrust, might lead to half-a-sovereign. A schoolboy's ideas are on these occasions generally mercenary. If Mr. Cavander had given me a shake of the hand and a tip, I wonder if my opinion of him would have been altered? I imagine that I should even now still have some lurking prejudice in his favour in consequence of this going-to-school gift, and would at any time have lent an unwilling ear to what might be said against him. However, he did not give half a sovereign or half a penny, and consequently, not being bribed to vote for him as the real friend of the schoolboy, I was at liberty to resent any of his observations addressed to me.

"Have you been flogged yet?" he asked.

This was not a pleasant subject to begin with, and I *did* resent it.

"No," I answered shortly, "I've not."

"Ah!" he said, as if old Carter had been remiss in his duty on this point. "A boy's no good till he's flogged. You're going to Holyshade after this."

I said that I didn't know. From his tone of allusion to this great public school I augured the worst, and sincerely hoped that my father would abandon his intention.

"You don't know," he returned, eyeing me with evident disfavour, "but I do. Little boys don't know what's good for them. They fag, and flog, at Holyshade. You'll be made to clean the boots and shoes. That's the thing to make a man of you."

I did not see at the time, and I have failed to understand since, how cleaning boots and shoes for other boys could advance me either socially or morally. I candidly said to Mr. Cavander that I did not want to go to Holyshade.

"Oh, don't you?" he asked ironically.

"No," I replied, with a smile that was so very like a threatening rain-cloud, that Uncle Herbert attempted to illuminate the view of Holyshade with a few rays of warm sunlight.

"He'll like it well enough when he's accustomed to it. Plenty of fun, boating, cricket, and all that kind of thing. I know a lot of Holyshaders. Jolly chaps. 'Gad, I wish they'd sent me there. Ah! here's John."

My father entered so busy and pre-occupied, that he scarcely took any notice of me beyond patting my cheek and referring to his watch, in order to see how close at hand the time for the starting of my train might be.

Then he handed some papers to one clerk, and told another to run over to somewhere (Capel Court, I suppose) and bring back the latest news. Then Uncle Herbert very much wanted to know something about "Turks," and the reply appearing unsatisfactory, he wanted to know something else about "Indians," and something further about "Rupees," and requested a few particulars as to the Polygon tin mine (in which he was interested up to the price of one share, value ten pounds) and the

Antipodean Gas Company; and then, having, as it seemed, been unable to come to any conclusion on any of these subjects, he pulled up his collar and wristbands, and lounging back in a hard arm-chair, he laid himself out on an incline, and considered his boots, while my father earnestly consulted Mr. Cavander.

I watched the latter closely. He never hesitated when he had once shut his mouth with a click. His teeth coming together settled the matter. I saw that my father deferred to him entirely. I saw that everything he was doing in the city was at his friend's instigation, and that without his advice he was doing nothing. The clerks coming in obeyed Mr. Cavander's orders, or told my father that Mr. Cavander had already expressed his wishes on some business affair, whereupon my father left it to him, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his arrangements.

Clients looked in to see Cavander if they could, and put up with my father if they couldn't, or they got Sir John to speak for them, and presently they'd all talk together, while Cavander listened, and quarrel and get excited, until a clerk who had been previously sent out, would rush in and hand a paper to Mr. Cavander, when all would suspend their arguments and listen to the latest news and his advice. No one took any notice of me, except to ask Sir John "Whose boy—yours?" when my father smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "Yes, he's of no consequence just now; he's not a man yet: only a child: but it does him good to let him listen, as a man, to our conversation: don't mind him," and then passed on to business.

Once a fat, foreign gentleman—an Italian merchant, I fancy—coming in suddenly, and out of breath, thought to interest Cavander in his behalf by pretending to be enraptured with my personal appearance, and then asking him if I wasn't his eldest. Whereupon he answered curtly, No, that I was nothing to do with him, and handed the mistaken man over to the head clerk, and would have nothing further to say to him on any subject whatever.

A young clerk, a mere boy, was commissioned by my father to see to my wants as to luncheon before I started. The lad was not allowed to indulge in luxuries himself, but was told to furnish me with whatever I liked best at Birch's, where I prevailed on him to have some delicious tartlets, which he put down to me, and we said nothing about it.

On returning to the office, I found Uncle Van, who had come in from Lloyd's, talking about the fearful gales, which had resulted in serious losses to the underwriters.

"I never knew such a ting—he-he-he," he was saying, laughing as usual, but in a nervous, uncertain manner. "Such losses—my good-a-gracious!—ev'ry one is hit hart."

Were I to spell "every" thus, "evhry," it might give some idea of Uncle Van's way of pronouncing an "r." It didn't sound at all like one of the liquid family, but resembled a guttural that had lost its way in his nose.

"What is it, Van?" asked Cavander, smiling, for Uncle Van, in his way, amused him as much as Herbert Pritchard. My father was sitting at a small table casting up some accounts.

"The late gales?" suggested a long-legged gentleman, looking out from behind a newspaper. There were generally three or four nobodies in the office reading the papers, and imagining that they were engaged in enormously profitable transactions. They were somehow or other useful in the way of business, or they wouldn't have been encouraged.

"Gales!" exclaimed Uncle Van, "tey've been fearful. We—tat is Peter Hoskins, Heinz, and myself—hat written to *Prairie Bird* from Melbourne——"

"There was nothing risky in that," said Cavander, stretching out his legs on the hearthrug, and taking a cigarette out of his case. Smoking was not permitted in business hours to anyone except Cavander, whose health was supposed to require it, and he never used anything but cigarettes of his own private and particular manufacture.

"Risky!" exclaimed Uncle Van, "no, it vas a certainty."

"And it hasn't come in?" said my



father carelessly, finishing his sum in arithmetic, and opening his desk.

"It's te vorst of to-day, and tere are someting like twenty wrecks on te coast," replied Uncle Van, shaking the paper in his hand. "Zee 'ere! No salvage, notting at all. Zee tese telegraph account to te room. Zee, I reat you—um—um—'Total loss of te *Prairie Bird* . . . the names of te five persons ascertain't to have been savet'—tat's notting. I reat you tese accounts: it vas fearful . . . 'savet'—yes—" he was so agitated that he had some difficulty in picking out the part of the paragraph he required, and thus it happened that, involuntarily, he ran over the line containing the list of the people rescued from the vessel—"Jacob Furnival, — Penfold, Richard Varish (of Sunderland), Sarah Wingrove——"

A startled exclamation escaped my father as he sat with the half-raised lid of the desk in his hand, while Cavander, for one second, paused in lighting his cigarette.

"Eh?" said Uncle Van, looking up; and the long-legged gentleman, emerging from behind his newspaper, observed that the storm must have indeed been awful.

Uncle Herbert remarked that it would have been nasty weather for a cruise, and requested, being nautically interested, further particulars.

Uncle Van turned towards him, and commenced reading his account of it, including once more the list of names.

It was listened to with breathless attention, and I well remember noticing how my father, from time to time, cast a nervous glance at Cavander, who stood before the fireplace imperturbably smoking a cigarette.

Having made his effect here, Uncle Van, after nodding kindly to me, hurried off, to be the first with the news in another quarter.

Observing that my father was apparently disinclined to enter upon any business except his own that day, for he

was still seated at his desk, and engaged upon whole rows of accounts on several sheets of paper, Herbert Pritchard rose to fulfil his promise of seeing me safely off by the train which was to take me back to school.

My father said, "Certainly, thank you," and shook my hand shortly and coldly. Suddenly it occurred to him that I should want some money, and he gave me a sovereign, for which I thanked him.

For an embrace, for a cheering smile, for one warm word of interest in my career, I would have sacrificed my gold piece then and there. In another moment my heart would have spoken, and I should have burst into tears, had not Mr. Cavander said, as I followed Uncle Herbert to the door—

"You'll be flogged when you get back for being a day late."

I replied surlily, "No, I shan't," but after this intimation I did not feel at all comfortable on the subject, and my dislike of my father's friend became intensified by several degrees.

As I went along the dark passage I lagged behind Uncle Herbert, in the vain hope of my father coming out and embracing me. This slow progression brought me opposite the inner private room, the door of which, marked "Private," opened on to the landing.

I was startled by a dull sound, as of some one thumping a table heavily, and then my father's voice anxiously addressing Cavander.

"You heard the name?"

"Yes," answered Cavander quietly; "what of it?"

"What of it!" exclaimed my father.

"Why, heavens, Cavander, did you not tell me that she——"

Here Uncle Herbert loudly called to me to descend the staircase, and, as quickly and as lightly as I could, lest the man I most dreaded should come out, and accuse me of eavesdropping, I ran on, and in another minute was at my uncle's side and in the street.

*To be continued.]*



## A CAUCASIAN DRINKING-BOUT.

"J'AI l'honneur de présenter à votre Majesté le plus grand buveur du Caucase," said Prince Woronzoff, with the utmost gravity, in presenting to the Emperor Nicholas, at Tiflis, a certain Georgian prince. Such a form of introduction might have been considered as somewhat equivocal, but no suspicion of its good faith occurred to the Georgian nobleman. To be styled before his sovereign and his peers the "hardest drinker in the Caucasus" was a great compliment, and an honour which, if report is to be trusted, he thoroughly deserved. And, after all, there was something to be proud of in it, for the Georgians and their fellow-countrymen of Immeritia and Mingrelia—though many degrees higher in civilization than the repulsive savages of Central Asia, with whom the vivid pencil of M. Wereschagin has lately made us familiar—still retain many of the manners and customs, and ways of thought and feeling, which are associated in our minds with remote and barbarous times. With them a mighty drinker is identified with the notion of a great warrior and hunter, good at all exercises of the body, and foremost in feats of skill and daring: the biggest cup is as much the emblem of the hero as the heaviest sword and the longest spear. Nor was the Georgian prince in question an unworthy example of the popular idea, for of all the Georgian gentlemen who poured out their life-blood for Russia on the plain of Kars, fighting against their hereditary foe, the infidel Mussulman, none did doughtier deeds or died a nobler death than he. How the reputation of the strong head which was supposed to accompany the strong arm was won, the following story may help to show.

It had been my good, or evil, fortune to be present at many a scene of profuse hospitality in the Caucasus—Russian

leave-takings, festivals of Cossacks of the Line, &c.—and my efforts at boon-companionship had been so far satisfactory that the worthy successor to the dignity of "le plus grand buveur" had solemnly, in accordance with ancient custom, placed his arm within mine, each of us holding a mighty beaker, and as we thus drank, linked together, had formally granted me the privileges of a brother; but I had never yet assisted at a *bond fide* native country feast, which it was said would beat anything in the way of eating and drinking I had hitherto seen. The opportunity, however, at length occurred, while staying at Kutais, the capital town of Immeritia. The then Governor of the province, Prince Mirsky, had been for some time under a promise to pay a visit to one of the native princes—every proprietor is called a prince—and he kindly determined to keep his promise while we were there, sending word to the prince that he would dine with him on a certain day and bring some guests.

Accordingly we started one morning, a party of five, to drive the twenty-five miles to Prince Tchadze's house. The first twenty miles were along the main road to Poti on the Black Sea; we then turned off the road into a field, and the rest of the way was regular cross-country work, such as nothing on wheels but a *tarantasse* or a *pericladnoi* could possibly accomplish. Just after leaving the road we were startled by a loud discharge of firearms, and out of a wood in front of us dashed a party of some sixty horsemen, firing guns and pistols and brandishing swords in a most alarming manner. They charged up to within a few feet of the carriage, and halted with a loud hurrah. Those were the relatives and dependants—clients, in fact—of the prince, who had come out to welcome us and escort us the rest of the way. After many escapes from being over-

turned, we arrived at an opening in a high wooden fence rather like a park paling; this opening was closed by horizontal bars, and at its side was a regular English stile, with steps on both sides and a rail at the top. Driving through the opening, we entered what might well be called a park—most beautiful greensward, with many a fine old tree, walnut, beech, oak, and others, entirely surrounded by the fence. At one extremity of the enclosure stood the house. In all that part of the country the houses of the proprietors stand within enclosures of this description, and the wealth and importance of the owner may be estimated by the extent of the enclosure. That of our host was over 200 acres. The house was built entirely of wood, and in its general appearance somewhat resembled a Swiss cottage. It was raised above the ground on piles, a precaution necessary in those river-flooded valleys to guard against the sudden inundations that take place. A broad flight of steps led up to a covered verandah, from which doors opened out into the different apartments, all on one floor. The balusters of the staircase, the pillars of the verandah, the doors, and, indeed, the whole of the front of the house, were most beautifully and elaborately carved. At the foot of the staircase stood our host, a fat, jolly-looking man, in a parrot-green native costume, and very unlike in appearance the majority of his wild handsome-looking countrymen. In the verandah above were two ladies, to whom the prince, after welcoming us in a most affectionate manner, presented us; they were his wife and daughter, plump and comely dame and damsel, but not types of the exquisite beauty to be met with so often in the Trans-Caucasus.

As it was not yet dinner-time we were invited to refresh ourselves with a slight *zakousky*, the usual *avant-diner*, consisting of caviare, smoked ham, sardines, bread, &c., washed down with a glass of *vodka*. Prince Mirsky then sat down to a game of chess with our host, while some of us talked to the ladies, and others walked in the park.

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At two o'clock we were summoned to dinner. In a large hall opening out of the verandah and occupying the whole breadth of the house were spread two tables, one for the guests and chief personages, the other for the dependants, and each having a sort of division to separate those who sat above the salt from those who sat below. The only ladies were our host's wife and daughter. Soup began the repast, and then to each person was handed a plate covered with pieces of three or four kinds of fish. Hardly was there time to begin upon this when another plateful of some kind of meat was put down, and then another and another, till the space in front of each guest was crowded with several platefuls of different kinds of food. While we were occupied in getting through the contents of some of these plates a flourish of horns was heard, and a sort of procession entered the hall, bearing on a huge silver tray the hind-quarters of an ox roasted.

Before, however, getting through any more food, let me say something about the drink. At the commencement of the dinner an "arbiter bibendi," or toast-master, was, according to the usual custom, appointed, the approval by the guests of the choice being courteously asked and of course given. This post in all home festivals is generally confided to some relation well known for his drinking qualifications, and whose success and endurance in drinking-bouts have given him a certain prescriptive right to the honour. In this instance the office was allotted to a cousin of our host's, a tall handsome wild-looking fellow, whom we had remarked among the horsemen accompanying us for his daring horsemanship, splendid costume, and abundant hair. The *toolambatch*, as the symposiarch is called, did not assume his functions at the beginning of dinner, and for a short time we drank peaceably out of wine-glasses. The drink was the red wine of the country, slightly rough and acrid but not strong. On the entrance of the quarter of beef a small silver cup was given to each person at the upper table, and filled by the four

attendants whose especial duty it was to serve the wine, and then the toolambatch, rising, proposed the health of the Emperor of Russia. As soon as the toast had been drunk, some half-a-dozen youths, who sat at the bottom of the upper table, began chanting in a rather dolorous tone what we were informed were verses from the Psalms, and we were further told that there were certain psalms especially set apart for such occasions, a few verses being chanted after each toast, and that it was considered a great feat if these psalms were all got through before everybody was *hors de combat*.

The quarter of beef was put down in front of the toolambatch, who, drawing the long dagger always worn by the natives at the fastening of the belt in front, cut away horizontally at it until he arrived at a perfectly smooth, even surface of meat. He then stopped to propose another toast, which was drunk out of the same silver cups as before. Returning to his work at the beef, he began cutting most delicate wafer-like slices, which he handed hanging on the dagger to his neighbour, who in turn handed them on to another, and so on. Excellent indeed were these slices, and extraordinary the number of them one managed to devour. Another after a time relieved the toastmaster of the task of carving, and then another; but the demand for slices never seemed to cease, and they appeared not to come amiss even in the middle of a sweet dish, for platefuls of all sorts and kinds of food, of which it would be impossible to give a list, were constantly being put before us. A few more toasts were drunk out of the small silver cups, and then some larger ones, about the size of an ordinary tumbler, were brought in, and placed here and there at intervals to serve for every three or four of the *convives*. The silence and stiffness which had prevailed during the first part of the proceedings were beginning to disappear, tongues were loosed, and it was surprising to find how languages, which in ordinary moments came haltingly or not at all, now flowed freely from unac-

customed lips. The point had been reached,

ἔπει πόσιος καὶ ἐδηνύς ἐξ ἔπον ἔντρο,

though it is needless to say that, as at the Homeric banquets so on this occasion, the desire of drinking being satisfied was no obstacle to the continuance of that occupation. The serious business of the feast appeared only to begin when a good-sized cup was brought in and handed to the toolambatch, who "crowned it with wine"—it held nearly a bottle—and drank the bumper off to the health of the ladies. He then refilled it and passed it to his left-hand neighbour, by whom it was emptied and returned to the toolambatch, to be again filled by him and passed to the second person on his left, and so on all round the company. The psalm-chanting had become by this time much less doleful, and if the time was not so good as at the commencement, and the general swing a trifle irregular, it must be said that the whole effect was more lively and inspiriting. Indeed, the repeated toasts were beginning to tell in many instances, and the ladies, who had behaved most admirably, and had viewed the scene with a kindly interest, begotten no doubt of habit, now rose to depart. Prince Mirsky, who by his position had the privilege of exempting himself from the stringent law which allows no man to quit the table so long as the toolambatch is erect, accompanied them. One of his aides-de-camp, who knew what was coming, managed to sneak out unobserved, and could not be found till just before we went away. The other remained, and begged on behalf of himself and the other two strangers that they might be allowed to sit there merely as spectators. The request, however, was politely but firmly refused, until it was urged that two of us had been and still were very unwell. The plea was accepted. But alas for my bad luck, no available excuse could be found for me, and to my horror I saw myself without hope of escape let in for a carouse to which anything I had hitherto witnessed was but a joke.

Toast now succeeded toast in quick succession ; but all was done with a gravity and staidness befitting so important a proceeding. The wine was of the same kind as at first, but the quality was if anything : other better. The manner of drinking continued as before, the toolambatch first filling the cup and drinking himself, and then refilling it for each one from left to right. After two or three rounds out of one cup, another of somewhat larger size was brought, and thus progressively we got on to goblets of most formidable capacity.

What need to tell how the scene progressed, what toasts were drunk, what victims consigned to forgetfulness ? Suffice it that our numbers were at length reduced to four, the toolambatch, myself, and two others, one the only remnant of the chorus, which had long since ceased to celebrate the toasts, leaving, I suspect, the psalms unfinished. Was the end approaching, and what was that end to be ? I asked myself with increasing horror when I saw brought in a huge bowl, wide-mouthed, deep-bottomed, and two-handled, into which the toolambatch with unflinching hand emptied *three and a half bottles*, and then with much emphasis proposed to drink to the health of the "dead men." With fascinated eyes I watched him as slowly, but without a pause he drained the monstrous cup, literally

"Pleno se proluit auro,"

and longed that he might be numbered with those whose health he was drinking. But no, he finished, and holding the edge on his thumb nail showed that only the ruby drop was left. Defections had left me immediately on his right, so that my turn came last. The first on his left accomplished the task, though with many a pause. The next began well, stopped, tried again with faltering hands, again paused, once more tried, and then placing the cup on the table sank among the dead. I was partially saved, for it was the law that when anyone succumbed in the act of drinking the person next to him should only finish what was left. My predecessor

had almost completed his task, and I managed to finish it without accident.

We three remaining ones now sat eyeing one another like gladiators in a ring, and measuring one another's strength and endurance. A minute or two elapsed, and then the toolambatch, to whom the cup had been returned, rose once more, and calling for more wine, proposed to drink to the health of the "living." It was a desperate emergency. To face again the chance of having to swallow that awful magnum seemed out of the question. What was to be done—feign defeat, and fall among the dead, and so avoid the impending fate ? I thought of the words Horace puts in the mouth of Vibidius,

"Nos nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti ;"  
and then as the beginning of the following line

"Et calices poscit majores"

came mechanically to mind, a sudden thought seized me. "What !" I exclaimed, starting up, "do you propose to drink to the victors out of the same cup as to the vanquished ? Not so, I demand a larger one :

"Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos."

The toolambatch, though his face, when the meaning of this outburst had been explained to him, showed slight symptoms of astonishment, lost none of his equanimity, but turned to the servants and asked for a bigger cup. There was none. "Never mind," I said, my classical memories now thoroughly aroused, "bring that here," pointing to a large earthen pitcher which had been used as a wine cooler, and which must have held over two gallons ; "we will drink out of that." With one look of blank amazement at the proposed flagon the toolambatch quietly declined the task, which would have fallen to him first, of trying to empty it. "Then," said I, "we drink no more." Such was the law, and there was no appeal. My *σάφισμα* had succeeded, the toolambatch was no Socrates, and our symposium at once broke up.

FRED A. EATON.

## PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.

## PART II.

IN my last address we had already heard the sound of those much-feared and much-abused words, "the organization of labour." Turn them into French, and they become at once terribly suggestive. Vague ghosts of Communism and Socialism rise up before us, till timid folk feel inclined to put their fingers in their ears, and run away shrieking for the police. Unhappily for unhappy France, they *are*, inseparably I fear, connected there with terrible memories—with bitter class hatreds, unclosed social wounds; with blood-stained barricades, and armed men behind them, asserting against society, in blind but deadly earnest, the first "right of labour," as the Paris workman holds it—the right "to live working, or die fighting." I do not care to consider curiously why it is that we have no such memories to brood over, but would for myself earnestly deprecate the tone of complacency in which our press too often takes up this tale; and thanks, not God, but our remarkable national characteristics—our reverence for the constable's staff, our distrust of ideas, and the rest—that our people are not Red Republicans, Socialists, Communists, or even as these Frenchmen. We have a sorrowful enough record in the past, of bitterness and unwisdom—an anxious enough present, with our South Wales strikes, agricultural labourers' unions, and drinking ourselves out of the Alabama indemnity in one year—a future enough overcast, to keep our attention sadly and earnestly fixed at home. We shall want all our breath to cool our own broth. When such "serious changes are going on in the structure" of the society to which he belongs, it is only the eyes of the fool that are in the ends of the earth.

The "organization of labour" in this kingdom has gone on in two parallel lines for the last twenty years and more, and at a rate as remarkable as that of the increase of our material riches. If Mr. Gladstone had added to his statement, as to what the last fifty years have done for us in this direction—that in the organization of labour, and the consequent change in the condition of the working classes, the same period had done more than the 300 years since the first Statute of Labourers—or indeed than the whole of previous English history—he would have been making a statement even more certain, and more easy of proof, than that which he did make. Let me very shortly make good my words. It was not until the year 1825 that the laws prohibiting combinations of workmen were repealed. They had lasted since the early Plantagenet times. Under them no open combination of artisans or labourers, such as the Trades Unions which we know, was possible. There were unions, indeed, but they met as secret societies, and worked by secret penalties and terrorism. After 1825 they came at once into the light, and there was a remarkable decrease, indeed almost a cessation, of those sanguinary crimes connected with trades' disputes which had disgraced the previous quarter of a century. It took another quarter of a century to effect the next great change. From 1825 till 1849-50 may be called the period of local Unionism. In the latter year it entered on a new phase, that of federation. The first sign of the change was the great strike of the engineers at Christmas 1851. Public attention was drawn to this struggle, involving as it did the prosperity of the most skilled, and most thoroughly national, of our great industries, and the country was startled to find that a league of upwards



of 100 local unions, all federated in one amalgamated society, were sustaining the local contests in Oldham and London. This federation, although beaten in 1852, has gone on steadily gaining power and numbers ever since. There were then some 11,000 members, belonging to 100 branches in Great Britain and Ireland, and the funds of the society at the end of the great strike went down to zero; in fact, it came out of the contest in debt. There are now upwards of 40,000 members, nearly 300 branches, which are spread over all our colonies, the United States, and several European countries, and the accumulated fund amounts to more than 150,000*l*. The example of the engineers has been followed, as we all know, by almost every other great industry. The Boiler-makers' Union, the Masons' Union, the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners', and the vast ironworkers and coalworkers' unions, in England, Scotland, and Wales, are the best known. Each of these is growing steadily, and aims at absorbing the whole trade. And not only are the unions of the separate trades federated in great amalgamated societies, but these societies are again in federation. They hold a Congress at the opening of each new year. It sat at Leeds at the beginning of this year, when another step in advance was proposed, being nothing less than the incorporation of all the unionists in the kingdom into one vast society. This proposal was indeed rejected; but even as it is, for all practical purposes the unions throughout the country are allied in a federation, which promises to be drawn closer and closer every year, and to become more and more powerful. Such have been, shortly speaking, the results of the twenty-five years of federated unionism.

And now let us look, as fairly as we can, at *this* "problem of civilization," and ask what it means and where it tends. That unionism is a great power, and likely to become a greater one still, no one will deny. That it is an army, by which I mean an organization for fighting purposes, goes without talk. That nearly

all unions have their sick and provident funds, and their benefits of one kind and another, is perfectly true; but these are not their vital function. They are organized and supported "to speak with their enemies in the gate," and to fight whenever it may be thought advisable. And when it comes to fighting, they may use every penny of the funds (as the Amalgamated Engineers did in 1852) without a thought of the provident purposes contemplated by their rules. You can't have armies and battles without training professional soldiers. They must come to the front as naturally as cream rises if you let milk stand; and the Trades Unions train leaders who are essentially fighting men. I do not use the word as implying any censure. Many cruel and unfair attacks have been made on these men as a class with which I do not in the least sympathise. Many accusations have been brought against them which I know to be untrue. There are good and bad amongst them, as in all other classes; but, on the whole, they have done their work faithfully, and without giving needless offence. Indeed, I have often found them far more ready to listen to reason, to negotiate rather than fight, than their rank and file. They have supported the attempts to establish Courts of Arbitration and Conciliation, and are, as a rule, honest representatives, and in advance of their constituents. But the fact remains—they are fighting men, at the head of armies; and their business is constant watchfulness, and prompt action whenever a fair opportunity occurs. They accept and act on the principles of trade which they have learnt from their employers and see proclaimed in all the leading journals. Their business is to enable their members to sell their labour in the dearest market, and to limit and control the supply. "Morality," they maintain with their betters, "has nothing to do with buying and selling." They have nothing to do with the question whether their action is fair or just to employers, or whether it will bring trouble and misfortune on workmen outside the union. Employers and



outsiders must look to themselves; what they have to see to is, that every unionist gets as much and gives as little as possible. No one can doubt that this is a most serious business, and that organizations such as these do threaten the prosperity of our industry. Nevertheless, for my own part I accept unionism as on the whole a benefit to this nation. Without it our working classes would be far less powerful than they are at present, and I desire that they should have their fair share of power and of all national prosperity. The free and full right of association for all lawful purposes is guaranteed to all our people. They had better use it now and then, unwisely and tyrannically, than be unable to use it at all. I shall be glad to see the day, and I fully believe it will come, when Trades Unions will have played their part, and become things of the past. But they have still a part to play, and until they are superseded by other associations, founded on higher principles and aiming at nobler ends, their failure and disappearance would be a distinct step backwards—an injury, not an advantage, to the nation and to civilization.

What hope, then, is there of the rise of other associations amongst our people of nobler aim than their Trades Unions? I said just now that the "organization of labour" had been going on amongst us by means of two parallel movements. Of one of these—the Trades Union, or fighting movement—I have already spoken; and we now come to the Co-operative movement, to which I have looked for five-and-twenty years, and still look with increasing hope, for the solution of the labour question, and a building up of a juster, and nobler, and gentler life throughout this nation. The present Co-operative movement is not thirty years old. The store of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, which has become world-famous now, was established in the year 1844 by a few labouring folk, of very small means and very high aspirations. Their first venture in goods, not amounting to more than some 20% worth, but all that they could command, was

trundled in a wheelbarrow to the little room in Toad Lane, where they started on the trifling work of making trade honest, and delivering their brethren of the working class with themselves from the bondage in which they were held by the credit system, by thriftlessness, by intemperance. On the 28th of September, 1867, I had the pleasure of attending a great gathering of Co-operators at Rochdale to celebrate the opening of their new central store. This new central store is only their chief place of business. It is a fine building four stories high, and surmounted by a clock with a bee-hive on the top of it. The building cost 10,000*l.*, and—besides giving ample room and convenience for their great trade in the shape of shops, offices, store-rooms, workshops, committee-rooms—on the third story there is a library with an area of 150 square yards, and a news-room containing an area of 170 square yards; and on the fourth floor, one large room for lectures and meetings, capable of seating 1,500 persons comfortably. The number of members exceeded 7,000, the business reached 60,000*l.* a quarter, the profits 40,000*l.* a year, and the assets of the society 120,000*l.*

But I am running away from my text. There have been other examples in plenty, as remarkable though not so well known as that of Rochdale; but it is with the movement as a whole, not with individual cases, that we are concerned. It may be said to have begun, then, in 1844. For the next few years it struggled on slowly but surely. The first meeting of representatives of the different stores and associations met at Bury, and afterwards in Manchester, in 1851, to consult and take measures for obtaining legal recognition, and for concerting joint action. There were forty-four societies represented, and the delegates drew up rules for the guidance of the Co-operative movement. To these rules—this first public statement of the objects of the Co-operative Parliament—I must return presently. The inconvenience of having to carry on trade without a legal status was remedied in

the next year by the passing of the first Industrial and Provident Societies Act, which gave a corporate existence, and powers of suing and being sued, to all societies of persons carrying on their trade in common who chose to register under it. From the time of its legal recognition the progress of the movement has been as rapid as that flood of riches of which I spoke in my former paper. The Government Returns for 1870—only eighteen years from the passing of the first Act—show that in that year there were upwards of 1,500 registered societies, numbering some half-million of members (each of whom, we must recollect, is the head of a family). These societies distributed amongst their members more than 8,000,000*l.* of goods, and returned to them 467,164*l.* in bonuses on their purchases.

But here we are met by the old question. This mere progress in numbers and wealth is nothing to the purpose in itself. It may well have demoralized and divided, instead of strengthening and uniting, and then it had better not have happened at all. How is this? Well, in this case I am glad to be able to answer confidently and hopefully. The wealth *has* been well earned, *is* being well spent. From the very first the Co-operators—these poor men, these weavers, cobblers, labourers—have deliberately and steadily repudiated the current commercial principles and practices. They are societies for fellow work and mutual help. They have fought no battle for high or low prices, and have no such battle to fight. They claim to stand on the principle of combining the interests of producer and consumer; they hold, one and all, as their distinctive doctrine, that inasmuch as the life of nine-tenths of mankind must be spent in labour—in producing and distributing, buying and selling—moral considerations must be made to govern these operations; and anything worth calling success in them must depend, not upon profits but upon justice. For the ideas “cheapness” and “dearness,” they have deliberately substituted “fair prices,” and their whole life has

been a struggle, not, of course, free from backslidings and falls, to reach that ideal.

I mentioned the first Congress of 1851 just now. At that gathering the following resolution was carried unanimously and by acclamation, after a number of others, in not one of which is there any mention of profits. It runs: “That the various Co-operative stores of England should use all their efforts to prevent the sale of adulterated articles, inasmuch as the Co-operative movement is by its very constitution open and honest in its dealings; and that any departure from the strictest honesty in dealing is a gross violation of the principles and intentions of Co-operation.” Now, just compare this first public announcement with the prospectus of an ordinary trading company, silent as to everything but profits, and I think you will feel that the atmosphere is different. But it is one thing to pass virtuous resolutions, and another to live up to them. How far have the Co-operators been able to do this? Here again I can answer, consistently, and on the whole successfully. Their system has been, on the whole, faithfully worked by men who have devoted their lives to it, and have remained as poor as they began. They have never lost sight of or lowered their original aims. One striking contrast between the ordinary trade system and theirs will be worth yards of talk. We all know how up-hill, almost desperate, a battle the founder of a new business has to fight in the competitive world. Every neighbour looks on him as an enemy and an intruder, and tries to break him down as fast as possible by underselling him, or in any other available way. In the Co-operative system the new comer is welcomed and helped. The great Wholesale Co-operative Society at Manchester has been established for this special purpose, one of its most prominent objects being “to consolidate and extend the movement by enabling small societies to purchase their goods on the most advantageous terms—thus securing them from imposition in the days of their infancy

and inexperience." In this way the weakest village store gets precisely the same advantages in purchasing its few shillings' worth of goods as Halifax, Oldham, or Rochdale, with their monthly thousands.

But it is impossible to bring before you in the space I have at my disposal anything like proofs of a tithe of the good which this movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people. I wish I could induce all here to look into the matter carefully for themselves. Meantime I may say that it has in the first place delivered the poor in a number of our great towns from the credit system, which lay so hard on them twenty years ago—for the Co-operative system is founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings. Next it has delivered the poor from adulterated goods and short weight and measure. It has developed amongst them honesty, thrift, forethought, and made them feel that they cannot raise themselves without helping their neighbours.

The management of business concerns of this magnitude has developed an extraordinary amount of ability among the leading members, who in committees, and as secretaries and buyers, conduct the affairs of the stores throughout the country. As their funds have accumulated they have been invested in corn mills and cotton mills, most of which have been managed with great ability and honesty, and are returning large profits. There have been failures, of course, as there must be in all movements; but in scarcely any cases have these been owing to the deep-seated dishonesty, the lying, the puffing, and trickery, which have brought down in disgraceful ruin so many of our joint-stock companies. I have been speaking hitherto chiefly of the societies known as Co-operative stores which are concerned with distribution; but associations for production are now multiplying, and at least as great results may be looked for from them. In those few which I have had the opportunity of watching, I can speak with the greatest

confidence of the admirable influence they have exercised on the character and habits of the associates. But I prefer to call in here the testimony of one who has had as much experience and done as much work for the Co-operative movement in England as any living man. "If," writes Mr. Ludlow, "a co-operative workshop has sufficient elements of vitality to outlast the inevitable storms and struggles of its first few years, it begins to develop a most remarkable series of results. Co-operation first expels from the shop drunkenness, and all open disorder, which are found wholly inconsistent with its success; introducing in their stead a number of small adjustments and contrivances of a nature to facilitate work, or promote the comfort of the worker. By degrees it exterminates in turn the small tricks and dishonesties of work which the opposition of interests between the employers and employed too often excuses in the worker's eyes; it is felt to be the interest of each and all that all work should be good—that no time should be lost. Fixity of employment meanwhile, coupled with a common interest, creates new ties between man and man, suggests new forms of fellowship, till there grows up a sort of family feeling, the only danger of which is, its becoming exclusive towards the outside. Let this state of things last a while and there is literally developed a new type of working man, endued not only with that honesty and frankness, that kindness and true courtesy which distinguish the best specimens of the order wherever they may be placed, but with a dignity and self-respect, a sense of conscious freedom, which are peculiar to the co-operator. The writer met with such a type first in the Associations Ouvrières of Paris. He has since had the happiness of seeing it reproduced, with variations as slight as the differences of nationality might render unavoidable, in English co-operative workshops; and he therefore believes that its development may be confidently looked forward to as a normal result of co-operative production."

These two parallel movements—differing fundamentally in their principles and objects—have had this in common, that they have done more than all other causes put together to raise the condition of the great mass of the working people. By increasing manifold their power and weight, they have at last won for them a place side by side with the other classes of the community; and have given them a large share in, if not the ultimate control of, the government and the destinies of our country. While they were disorganized they were powerless. They have found out the worth of organization, and are perfecting it in both directions with an energy which must have very serious results for the whole nation. That much of what they are doing in their Trades Unions is causing alarm, and raising a spirit of hostility to these organizations throughout the country, is plain to the most careless observer. I am not here to defend many of their acts and much of their policy. I feel the truth of many of the accusations which are brought against them: of their carelessness of the common weal in the pursuit of their own ends; of the tyranny which they sometimes exercise over minorities in their own body; of the deterioration in work, the dawdling and incompetence which in many trades are not unjustly laid at their door.

But before we blame them for these things, let us glance back at the history of the country during the last fifty years, the period of the immense development of our material prosperity, and see whether there is not another side to the picture, whether much may not be pleaded on their side in mitigation.

Fifty years ago the intensely national and aristocratic system under which England had lived for centuries, and which had carried her through the great struggle with Napoleon, with so much glory and at such fearful cost, was tottering to its fall. Happily for the nation the cost broke down the system, and in 1832 the first Reform Bill brought the middle class fairly into partnership in the government of the

British Empire—indeed, in the last resort (as has been proved so often since), handed over to them the ultimate controlling power. During the next thirty-five years, whenever they have been deeply moved, all opposition has gone down before them. Those years therefore stand out as a distinct period in our history, unlike and apart from anything which went before them. With the trading class as ultimate rulers, this period has been an industrial one, and that class may well point with pride to its achievements, and claim that the sturdiness and energy which carried England so triumphantly through the great revolutionary war have not failed her in their keeping. The contrast between Great Britain in 1832 and 1867 is indeed astounding. In 1832 no railway ran into London, no iron ship had been built, and no steamer had crossed the ocean. The power of carrying out great enterprises by associated capital did not exist except by special privilege. All the necessities of life—air, light, and food—were heavily taxed. The press was shackled by stamp duties and paper duties. The Post Office was a hindrance rather than a help to communication. The Poor Laws were pauperizing and degrading the nation. We were even then the workshop of the world, but a shop in which the workers were hampered and trammelled by bandages of all kinds, which look to us now inconceivably mischievous and childish. On their advent to power the middle class found themselves bound hand and foot. They have burst every bond. The period between the two Reform Bills set all these fiscal confusions and absurdities straight. It has covered the land with railways, and all seas with iron steamers; the earth is belted by the telegraphs of English companies. Every restriction on the association of capital has disappeared. Food and light are untaxed to rich and poor. All imposts enhancing the cost of consumption are gone, or are so reduced as to be no longer burdensome. We have the New Poor Law, an improvement at any rate on

the old, and leaving perhaps little to be desired from a middle-class point of view. We have the penny post and a free press. In the same period the capital of the country has multiplied at the rate Mr. Gladstone has told us. These are the fruits of the admission of the middle classes to their fair share in the government of the country—no mean fruits, surely, and attained in the active life of one generation. There are still men in the House of Commons who sat in it before 1832. The representative man of the best side of this period, Mr. Gladstone, to whom the great financial reforms which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws are due more than to any other, was already then in the full vigour of manhood.

But what did this same period of middle-class ascendancy do for the working classes?

The great free-trade struggle was its culminating point, the repeal of the Corn Laws its crowning victory. A middle-class victory, it is true, but carried by the help of the working classes in the great towns, with whom the cry of the cheap loaf did good service. But it was not the appeal to their pockets which carried the working classes into the free-trade camp. Far more powerful than the cheap-loaf cry with them was the grand, if somewhat vague, teaching of the free-trade leaders, of a reign of peace and universal goodwill between nations, which the overthrow of aristocratic and commercial monopolies, and the breaking down of restrictions on trade, was to inaugurate. I have no space here to prove the point, but let those who doubt it take one recent instance of the comparative power of self-interest and of high principle with the masses of our people. I refer to their conduct during the American war and the cotton famine, when the chance of averting want from their homes was resolutely put aside lest the cause of the slave in America should be imperilled. Does any man doubt now that, if our operatives had cried out for breaking the blockade, Napoleon's insidious proposals for intervention would

have been accepted, and the Southern negroes would have remained enslaved to this day? I own it seems to me—and I say it with some shame for my own class—that, in our great free-trade struggle, the only part of our people which has nothing now to regret for the part they took is the working class. Our territorial aristocracy and their retainers fought for their monopoly. Our trading classes preached justice, freedom, and the vital interests which are common to all nations; but what they fought for was, as the last quarter of a century has shown too clearly, not any commercial millennium in which honest goods and just prices should reign, but the greatest possible facilities for buying cheap and selling dear. Our working class seized on the noble and human side of the teaching of their natural leaders—are still, indeed, proclaiming that "labour is of no country," that "all nations are meant to live in peace and friendship"—but have protested by the two movements we have been considering to-night against the notion that the world is to be saved and set right by unlimited competition; and they have been hitherto the class which has taken least by the results of the struggle. *Laissez faire* may have done great things for other classes; for them it has only proved a hard taskmaster, and the new period of our history, which commenced in 1867, when the sceptre passed from the middle class, and the first years of which have been so full of change, will witness the struggle between that central belief of the middle-class period and the belief in, and practice of, organization, which has carried our working classes (who are after all, be it remembered, the great majority of the nation) into partnership with the upper and middle classes. The middle-class period, they will remember, left the labour question almost untouched; and it was not till they had gained a voice in legislation that the Masters and Servants Bill, the Trades Unions Bill, the Hours of Labour Regulation Act, and the Mines Regulations Bill have become law. Bearing these



things in mind, and remembering also how new and strange the feeling of power must be to them, I think we shall be prepared to make great allowances, even for the doings of Trades Unions.

The other column of the industrial organizations of the working classes has no need to ask for indulgent criticism, and will bear the keenest without wincing. They have never been aggressive. They have never even negatively encouraged idleness, or class jealousies, or kept back the industrious and skilled worker, or protested against piece-work. They have wrought out the emancipation of their own members by patience, and diligence, and honest dealing; and are giving proofs, sorely needed amongst us, that trade and commerce, production, distribution, consumption, may be made to conform themselves to the ordinary moral laws which have been accepted, in theory at least, by the whole of Christendom for eighteen hundred years. The great reform, like the greatest of all reforms, has come from below; and our upper classes are now beginning to imitate the example of the poor weavers and cobblers, often however in their imitations leaving out the best part of their models, and setting up what are nothing but ready-money shops, founded merely with a view to profits, and calling them co-operative stores.

If I am right as to the leading ideas of our working classes, it is obvious, then, that one of the chief problems of civilization which must soon come to the front will be the proper functions of Government. They do not share the creed of advanced Liberalism, the intense jealousy of Government except in the capacity of policeman. The taking over of the railways, a more active interference with sanitary matters, with pauperism—with the liberty of the subject, in short—will have no terrors for them. They will not be deterred, I take it, by such phrases as “grandmotherly government,” from insisting that society shall be organized precisely to that point where organization will be found to act most beneficially on the habits and life of the great majority of

the nation. I venture to think that when they get to understand these matters better, there will be no difficulty in taking legislative means to stop strikes. Legislation of a new kind will be pressed on the Government with increasing persistence. The country will have to consider how far it will go in new directions, and will have no more difficult and delicate questions to consider. I have little fear myself that we shall go too far, for certainly the first two experiments, the Hours of Labour Regulation Act and the Habitual Criminals Act, have not furnished the opponents of “grandmotherly government” with any arguments in favour of their views. I can answer from my own knowledge of the benefits conferred by the former, at the expense, I firmly believe, of no liberty which any citizen had a right to use. Of the working of the second I have the knowledge gained from parliamentary papers.

I do not propose to detain you with the reasons which induced the present Government to break entirely new ground in this matter. Suffice it to say, that on the 11th of August, 1869, an Act introduced by the Home Secretary became law under the title of “The Habitual Criminals Act, 1869.”

It has been the fashion to speak of Mr. Bruce as a weak Minister, timid in his political faiths, and easily turned from his purpose by any resolute opposition. I am not one of those who agree with this estimate of him; and certainly the Habitual Criminals Act (and the Prevention of Crime Act, 1871, which has followed it) cannot be cited as timid legislation. So far as the present question is concerned, the important parts of this new legislation are—first, that it gives the police power to arrest, and the magistrates to imprison, any person holding a licence under the Penal Servitude Acts (commonly called a “ticket-of-leave”) *whom the police have reason to believe is getting a livelihood by dishonest means*; and secondly, that in the case of proceedings against receivers of stolen goods, it makes a previous conviction evidence of know-



ledge on the part of the accused that the goods were stolen, and throws the burden of proving the contrary on the accused. Now these are very startling provisions. We all know that the maxims, "Every man shall be held innocent until proved guilty," "The burden of proof rests on the accuser," lie at the root of English criminal law. I suppose that every Englishman values them as most precious safeguards of liberty, and would be ready to fight for them if necessary. I certainly would myself, and it was with something very like misgiving that I silently assented at last in the House of Commons to the facts and arguments of the Home Secretary, and gave my humble support to the Government. The result has been striking, and well worth the careful consideration of all persons interested in these questions. In the year 1869, in the autumn of which the Habitual Criminals Act was passed, the number of houses of receivers of stolen goods, and of houses of known bad character, reached the highest figure ever attained in England since reliable records of such matters have been kept. Their total number was 15,030. In the following year the number fell to 13,081. and in 1871 to 11,072. In the same period the houses of notoriously bad character, the resort of thieves and their companions, were reduced from 1,740 to 1,139. The reduction of these nests of vice and crime was in the first full year during which the Act was in operation, as compared with the average of the previous three years, equal to 26 per cent., and in the next year (1871) to 36·8 per cent.

The strife between employer and employed, the question of the proper limits of the functions of Government, the inevitable collision between the principle of *laissez faire* and the faith in organization which the working classes will endeavour to express by legislation as soon as they feel their power, are only superficial indications after all of a far deeper struggle. The signs of that struggle are all about us and around us. You cannot pick up a

newspaper without coming across them. Perhaps the most remarkable of them of late, spoken or written, have been the speech of Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool, quoted in my Tuesday's lecture, and a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.<sup>1</sup> Of the speech I need only say that I rejoice that it was made. The articles I must refer to a little more in detail.

After a masterly examination of the utilitarian and positivist theories, the writer explains his own views: how he has come honestly and bravely to the conclusion, that believers in "the service of humanity" and "the religion of fraternity" have no solid ground beneath them—why, for his part, he will resolutely continue to love his friend and hate his enemy, and will on no terms call all sorts of people, of whom he knows and for whom he cares nothing, his *brothers* and sisters—he proceeds:—"The believer in the religion of fraternity cannot speak thus. He is bound to love all mankind. If he wants me to do so too, he must show me a reason why. Not only does he show me none, as a rule, but he generally denies either the truth or the relevancy of that which, if true, is a reason—the doctrine that God made all men and ordered them to love each other. Whether this is true is one question; how it is proposed to get people to love each other without such a belief I do not understand. It would want the clearest of all imaginable revelations to make me try to love a considerable number of people whom it is unnecessary to mention, or affect to care about masses of men with whom I have nothing to do." It is healthy and bracing to hear or read such plain speaking; for, when one comes upon a naked and transparently honest denial, not only of modern theories, but of teaching which one learnt at one's mother's knee, upon which Christendom and civilization, such as we have it, are supposed to have been built up, a man must be very careless or very

<sup>1</sup> Since published separately, with the name of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen to them.

dishonest who is not driven to ask himself plainly how far he agrees with it.

The writer in question goes on, coming specially to the subject of these lectures, and supporting on one side the view which I was urging on Tuesday as to the effects of civilization:—"These are the grounds on which it appears to me that there is a great deal of self-deception as to the nature of fraternity, and that the mere feeling of eager, indefinite sympathy with mankind, in those cases in which it happens to exist, is not deserving of the admiration which is so often claimed for it. I will say, in conclusion, a very few words on the opinion that the progress of civilization, the growth of wealth and of physical science, and the general diffusion of comfort, will tend to excite or deepen such sympathy. I think it more probable that it will have exactly the opposite effect. The whole tendency of modern civilization is to enable each man to stand alone and take care of his own interests, and the growth of liberty and equality will, as I have already shown, intensify these feelings. They will minimize all restraints and reduce everyone to a dead level, offering no attractions to the imagination or to the affections. In this state of society you will have plenty of public meetings, Exeter Halls, and philanthropic associations, but there will be no occasion for patriotism or public spirit. France in 1870, with its ambulances and its representatives of the Geneva Convention, was, after all, a poor, washy, feeble place in comparison with Holland three centuries before. There are many commonplaces about the connection between the decay of patriotism and the growth of luxury. No doubt they have their weak side, but to me they appear far more like the truth than the commonplaces which are now so common about the connection between civilization and the love of mankind. Civilization no doubt makes people hate the very thought of pain or discomfort either in their own persons or in the case of others. It also disposes them to talk and to potter about each other's affairs

in the way of mutual sympathy and compliment, and now and then to get into states of fierce excitement about them; but all this is not love, or anything like it. The real truth is, that the human race is so big, so various, so little known, that no one can really love it. You can at most fancy that you love some imaginary representation of bits of it, which, when examined, are only your own fancies personified. A progress which teaches people to attach increased importance to phantoms is not a glorious thing, in my eyes at all events. It is a progress towards a huge Social Science Association, embracing in itself all the Exeter Halls that ever were born or thought of. From such a religion of humanity I can only say in the deepest tones of alarm and horror, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

A very startling, suggestive, and, in many respects, I believe, truthful, diagnosis of our condition, and forecast of what is coming upon us. I should think most persons when they put it down must have asked themselves, What then? Freedom, equality, brotherhood, a mockery and delusion!—the passionate struggle of three generations to realize them ending in a huge Exeter Hall millennium! The writer exclaims scornfully, "Good Lord, deliver us!" and passes on in his strength—but we cannot. For us, then, what outlook? what escape? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? I have not come here, 400 miles from home, my friends, to speak to you on the problems of civilization and to shirk the most difficult and the most interesting of them all—the one, in fact, which underlies and overshadows all others—I mean, of course, this religious problem. Do not start in alarm, or suppose for a moment that I am about to trespass on or lead you into the tangled paths of religious polemics. The party wrestling-matches and janglings of the various Churches and sects which go by the common name of Christian, are to me only not wholly indifferent because they seem so eminently futile and mischievous. But the religious "prob-

lem of civilization" lies outside of all this. For I think very few persons interested in these questions can have failed to remark the uneasy and mournful tone which runs through much of the serious scepticism in our current literature. Of flippancy and shallowness we have no doubt enough and to spare, but not amongst the writers and thinkers I refer to, and from one of the ablest of whom I have been quoting. Their feeling would seem to be rather one of sorrow that Christianity has been unable to hold its own. They recognize the noble work it has done—admit that its history has been the history of civilization—while they entirely abandon it as a living power, capable of delivering us from the moral and religious anarchy which seems to them to brood over the nineteenth century in as dense a cloud as overshadowed the Roman world in the time of Augustus. They are too English and too masculine to put up with the "Universum" of Strauss, or the organized religion of humanity of the Positivists. Blank Atheism has no attraction whatever for them. Rather in a gloomy and despondent way, while refusing belief to anything which cannot be tested by the methods of their science and measured by their plumb-line, with a sort of half hope which they will scarcely admit to themselves, they seem to recognize the travail of their own time with thoughts too big for utterance hitherto, and to look, with a dull, dim kind of hope, for the gradual rise out of the chaos of a new faith, which shall fuse again and give expression to the scattered thoughts and aspirations of mankind, and stand out as a revelation of God suited to these new times, which have been driven in sheer despair to abandon the old revelation.

A curious echo—if that can be called an echo which is set in an entirely different key—comes back to these broodings from the New World. There, too, the foremost thinkers recognize the prevailing anarchy, and many look for a new revelation, but in a cheerful and hopeful spirit, such as befits a new

country, and rather as a supplement to, than as a substitution for, the Christianity which they too believe to have spent its force, and to be inadequate to the new time. Let Mr. Emerson, their ablest and wisest voice, speak for them. "And now," he says, in an address—singularly typical of the best current thought of New England—to the senior Divinity Class at Harvard University, "let us do what we can to rekindle the smouldering, nigh-quenched fire on the altar. The evils of the Church that now is are manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess all attempts to project and establish a Cultus, with new rites and new forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it, and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a new system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the Goddess of Reason—to-day pasteboard and filagree, and ending to-morrow in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For if once you are alive, you shall find that they become plastic and new. . . . I look for the hour when that supreme beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, which have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity—are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, who shall follow so far these shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one with science, with beauty, and with joy."

Surely, my friends, there is something singularly inspiring in this Transatlantic voice. Its first ring is like that of a bugle in front of a forming battalion. The call to the best heart and

head in young America to throw to the winds all attempts to establish a new Cult, new rites, new forms; to rekindle the smouldering fire on the altar by themselves breathing new life into the forms already existing, till they become plastic and ready to fit the new times, and express the new thoughts—is to my mind full of hope, for the Old World as well as for the New. But look again, listen again, and the jubilant voice falters; the sound of the bugle grows wandering, uncertain, and passes away in a few wild notes, to me at least as empty of hope as that wail of the Old World. The voice which spoke to those old Hebrews has not then, as yet, spoken in the West: a new Teacher is needed there too, who shall bring with him some further good news for men. Without such, the shining laws cannot come full circle—the pure of heart cannot see God.

Great is the controversy—full of the most absorbing interest for every human soul, and great the issues which the civilization of our day is forcing on a world bent on enjoyment of all kinds—sensual, artistic, intellectual—and on shutting its ears to all voices from the height and from the depth. And more and more clearly it seems to me, at least, is the voice, calmer than silence, sounding from the height and from the depth; and more and more vain grows the world's effort to enjoy any of its good things, until it hears and answers. As Carlyle said scornfully thirty years ago, the wealth is enchanted, the art is enchanted, the science is enchanted; let those who feel that they are really the better for them, give us their names.

But the philosopher of Concord (Emerson) has touched the very centre of the matter. A new Teacher, he tells us, is needed; a new Gospel will make the progress of civilization wholly beneficent. The great West (at least, all that is noblest in it) is looking for such a

man, for such a message. Vain outlook! the "shining laws" would come full circle fast enough, have been ready to do so any time these eighteen hundred years, if men would only let them. The Teacher who has spoken the last and highest word to mankind, is asking of our age, as He asked of the men of His own day, as He has asked of the sixty generations of our fathers who have come and gone since His day, the question which goes to the root of all "problems of civilization"—of all problems of human life—"What think ye of Christ?" The time is upon us when that question must be answered by this nation, and can no longer be thrust aside, while we go, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. Is this life the model of what human life must become—is He the Son of God, dwelling with men now and always, and inspiring them with power to live that life—not a small section of them here and there, but the whole race, big, various, and disagreeable as it is to most of us? Upon the answer England gives to that question depends our future—whether we shall flounder on under the weight of increasing riches, till our vaunted civilization has brought us to utter anarchy, and so to the loss of courage, trustfulness, simplicity, manliness—of everything that makes life endurable for men or nations; or whether we shall rise up in new strength, casting out the spirit of Mammon in the Name which broke in pieces the Roman Empire, subdued the wild tribes which flooded that empire in her decay, and founded a Christendom on the ruins—which in our own land has destroyed feudalism, abolished slavery, and given us an inheritance such as has been given to no people on this earth before us; and so build up a stronger, gentler, nobler national life, in which all problems of civilization shall find their true solution.

T. HUGHES.

## IN MEMORIAM.

LOVING and loved, here from life's ardent prime  
 Near threescore years and ten he worked, and taught,  
 Forcing from stony pages of past Time  
 Their buried truths. Here from his glowing thought  
 And eloquent speech our wondering grandsires caught  
 New love for Nature's lore. Our fathers here,  
 And here ourselves have known his teachings fraught  
 With interest ever fresh, and loved to hear  
 His racy wit, and mark his kindling eye  
 Flash to new truths welcome from fear all free,  
 Greeting God's light in each.

Here lovingly

Raise we a shrine, wherein our sons may see  
 His garnered treasures—which may teach, and be  
 Meet monument to SEDGWICK's memory.

JOHN C. CONYBEARE.

CAMBRIDGE, *Wednesday, 26th March, 1873.*